THE BOOKS IN
Allan Allingham's Circulating Library,
At REIGATE *in* SURREY,

May be read on the following Conditions, that is to ſay:

Any Perſon, giving in at the ſaid Library, his or her Name and Place of Abode, and at the ſame Time paying Two Shillings and Six-pence, will be entitled to read any Books in the ſaid Library for three Months from the Day of ſubſcribing, under the following Reſtrictions, *viz.*

THAT no Subſcriber ſhall have more than one New or two Old Books at a Time from the ſaid Library, and ſhall at the Time of taking away the ſame, depoſit the Value thereof (if required) and have the ſame returned upon returning the Book or Books for which the Depoſit was made.

Every Subſcriber ſhall forfeit his or her Subſcription on lending any Book or Books to Non-ſubſcribers, and pay for the Book or Books thus lent.

If new Books are not returned in four Days, and old ones in a Fortnight, from the Time of taking the ſame from the ſaid Library, or are wrote in or otherwiſe ſoiled, they muſt be paid for, according to the Value fixed to the ſame in the Catalogue of the Books in that ſaid Library, by the Perſon or Perſons to whom the ſame were delivered; or if the Book or Books belong to a Set, the whole Set to be paid for.

No Subſcriber ſhall have more than two Books in a Day.

Subſcribers, who ſend for their Books, are deſired to ſend more than one Number at a Time, leaſt that ſhould be out.

Note, Any Perſon may read any of the Books in the ſaid Library under the ſame Penalties as Subſcribers, and alſo paying Two-pence for each Book for the firſt Week, and Four pence a Week for every Week after that he or ſhe ſhall keep the ſame.

CONDITIONS OF READING.

EVERY yearly Subscriber to pay Twelve Shillings per Year.

Quarterly Subscribers to pay Three Shillings and Six Pence per Quarter.

No Subscriber shall have more than one New or two Old Books in a Day, and each Subscriber shall at the Time of taking away the same deposit the Value thereof (if required) which shall be returned upon returning the Book or Books for which the Deposit was made.

If New Books are not returned in four Days and Old ones in a Fortnight, from the Time of taking away the same, or are wrote in or anywise soiled ; they must be paid for according to the Value fixed in the Catalogue, by the Person or Persons to whom they were lent ; or if the Book or Books belong to a Set the whole Set to be paid for.

Every Subscriber shall forfeit his or her Subscription on lending any Book or Books to Non-Subscribers and pay for the Books thus lent.

Subscribers who send for Books are desired to send more than one Number lest the Book sent for should be out.

REVIEWS, MAGAZINES, and all other PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS must be returned in two Days.

Any Person may read the Books in the Library, under the same Penalties as Subscribers, upon paying Two Pence for each Volume for the first Week and Four Pence for every Week after that they shall be kept

12604 bb-10

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF *Bertram Montfichet*, Esq;

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF *Bertram Montfichet*, Esq;

Written by HIMSELF.

VOL. I.

----- Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride.
Pope's ESSAY on MAN.

LONDON:
Printed for C. G. SEYFFERT, in *Pall-Mall.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Philip-Dormer Stanhope,

EARL of *CHESTERFIELD,*

Baron STANHOPE, of *Shelford,*

AND

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

My LORD,

AN Author can never be at a loſs to work up the materials of a Dedication, when he has ſo fertile a ſubject as your LORD-

SHIP

SHIP to enlarge upon. What a diverſity of lights, all reſplendent with the moſt engaging charms, all truly characteriſtical of the *accompliſhed* MAN, has not your LORDSHIP appeared in? The Patriot, the Stateſman, the Philoſopher, the Orator, the Poet, all united and perfected in your Perſon, afford us an illuſtrious ſpecimen of the force of nature, when nurtured and cultivated in her proper ſoil. But theſe bright qualities are not the only that reflect dignity on your LORDSHIP: A thouſand others, though not ſo commonly magnified by the applauſe of mankind, command our eſteem. What ſhall I ſay of your Virtues in ſocial life? Your friendly and humane diſpoſition has at all times attracted hearts; not in the ſpirit of adulation, but with the warmth of ſincerity.

ſinceriry. Good wiſhes, and frequently realized by their effects, for promoting the cauſe of Letters, have brought over the whole tribe of Authors to your ſide. They juſtly celebrate you as the only MÆCENAS of the Age, and repute it a more than adequate reward of the pains they have taken, to be honoured with the patronage of the EARL of CHESTERFIELD; a patronage fully ſufficient to bring into requeſt their productions. How happy would they be, could they lay in a permanent claim to it: But, alas! the ravages of time on the human frail veſſel, abridge the proſpect of ſuch fine hopes: And, what is equally diſcomforting to them, they deſpond with good reaſon that when the GOLD BRANCH is cropt, a ſucceeding Shoot will not be able to diſplay

play ſuch vivid rays of pure luſtre. Yet, your LORDSHIP's memory will ever be dear to them. Yes;

------ manibus date lilia plenis
Purpureos ſpargam flores.

You are the Pride and Admiration of the preſent Age, and you will be the Glory of the future. None will heſitate to join in theſe ſentiments of your ſuperior excellence with,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

moſt obliged,

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

THE LIFE and OPINIONS OF *Bertram Montfichet*, Esq;

CHAP. I.

WELL fare the ſcattered brains of *Triſtram Shandy*, Gent. who, for aught I know, is the firſt, that neither behind backs, nor in a chimney corner, nor in a whiſper; but point blank, before your face, above board, and in printed words,

which you may read out, if you pleaſe,---has dared to give his readers ſufficient notice, that he writes without order, method, rule; without ſeries, junctures, ligatures; without ground-works, compactneſs, firmneſs; without ſolidity, judgment, decorum;—juſt as his animal ſpirits are ſet in motion; whether they move to the right or left, up or down, backward or forward, it little matters;—ſo they impregnate every portion of his *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, with wind or water;—the wind (he ſays) being productive, by ſudden and impetuous guſts ruſhing through his noſtrils, obliquely and at acute angles on his pen, of ſtarts, whims, vagaries;—and the water, by gently gliding, alſo through his noſtrils,—the direction on his pen, as you pleaſe to fancy it,—of all the rapturous notions and darling opinions, that glad his heart and ſoul, beſides twitching, vellicating, and rouzing his moſt ſenſitive muſcles from their ungrateful languor, whenever his

his favourite * * * *, the only delectable conſtellation in his heaven, excites him to make on them the moſt accurate aſtronomical obſervations.

There's a period for you, friend *Triſtram!* It is as round, and as plump, and as well jumbled together, as any you have yet hit upon. What a rare thing it is to be wiſe? Yes,—a very rare thing, if you bear away the bell, and I am unknown: I!—who am intrinſically as merry a blade as you:—mark the word *intrinſically*; you will ſomewhere in this work find a reaſon for it:—I!—who am as ſcientific:—you will find, that I will not bate you an ace, if not exceed you in learning:—I!—who am as expert an architect as you:—You will behold with admiration what a brilliant ſuperſtructure I ſhall raiſe on the ſtrength of my imagination: in ſhort, I!—who am as nice a cook of thoughts as you:—lick your lips; you may now, if you will, in the ſpirit of

expectation, taſte the delicious repaſt; the table will be covered with variety; and if you can delight in ſauces to your meat, of purely domeſtic and native qualities, untinctured, unſophiſticated by the elements of exotic *haut goûts*, they ſhall be at your ſervice.

What ſay you; and is it true, that the conſtituent corpuſcules of your brains are wind and water? It may be ſo;—I ſhall not puzzle my own poor brains by painful reſearches into the cauſe of ſo *ſtrange* an *accident*. I call it *ſo*, becauſe not being a phenomenon of real nature, it can at beſt, be but one of her ſports; juſt as I have once ſeen in a Moco-ſtone, the head of a leering ſly fox, like you in a frontiſpiece to your couſin *Yorick*'s ſermons, peeping out of his den. If it then exceeds all the intellectual faculties I ever was, or ever ſhall be maſter of, to inveſtigate and aſſign the cauſe why you, as an exception to the reſt of the human

human ſpecies, have your brains brim-full of wind and water, can you blame me for ſo humble a confeſſion of my inabilities?——But, harkee! I will deal fairly, and tell you, what I judge to be the effects in a more explicit manner, of this wind and water, at leaſt of the wind. —Firſt, you know that by the name of wind, almoſt all philoſophers underſtand a ſenſible motion or flux of the air. If this motion be ſomewhat impetuous, or the current of the air rapid, it is properly wind: if the commotion be but ſlight, it is then a breeze, a gale, a gentle puff, and not wind. Secondly, you know what water is; its properties, qualities, and every thing belonging to it; therefore I ſhall ſpare myſelf the trouble of defining it.

Now, what deductions can we make from the premiſſes? Let us ſuppoſe that your animal ſpirits——I ſhall uſe my beſt endeavours, in the courſe of this work,

to oblige the inquiſitive part of mankind with a very elaborate diſſertation on the origin, nature, operations, effects, and— I don't know myſelf yet— with how many anecdotes of the animal ſpirits.—— Hang it; this long-winded parentheſis has broke too violently the thread of my diſcourſe: how the critics will maul me for it!—— Well then, I ſay, let us ſuppoſe that your animal ſpirits, being agitated themſelves by ſome cauſe beſt known to yourſelf, are the impelling cauſe of the wind and water of your brains. When the impulſion operates with violence, and in a degree of velocity peculiar to wild fire, then the wind is wind indeed; it is an exhalation mixed with vapour; it madly ſcouts out of your head wherever it can find a vent, or, as an ancient tranſlator of *Virgil* expreſſes it in *Engliſh* hexameters:

Ruſh do the winds forward thro' per'ſt chinck narrolie whizling,
Triſtram *turmoyling with blaſt and terribil huzzing.*

In

In what diſpoſition of mind and body muſt I conceive you to be then in? No other, I am certain, than that of being able to form a digreſſion. Your elbows begin immediately to want cobler's room; the friend, that happens to ſit or ſtand near you, is well off, if he eſcapes with the daſhing out of a few teeth; and your own ſkull may felicitate its preſervation from a fracture, if its ſituation is not within reach of a rencounter with ſome hard ſubſtance.

If your body cannot help, nor be reſtrained from expanding and dilating itſelf; how prodigious on this emergency muſt the evagations of your mental faculties be?— Here will I hold, and will not go one jot farther till I weigh in a very nice pair of ſcales the benefits ariſing from this digreſſive appetite.

It is notorious that doctor *Swift* interſperſed his *Tale* of a *Tub* with digreſſions,

and that he even wrote a digreſſion in praiſe of digreſſions. It is certain the drama would loſe the high reliſhed flavour it ought to have; would not captivate our minds by an enchantment we cannot guard againſt; would not be ſufficiently pictureſque of what paſſes in life, were it deſtitute of thoſe incidents, thoſe contrivances, thoſe ſcenes of buſineſs, which, though they might ſeem to perplex the action and narrative; yet, in effect, heighten their graces with a more ſtrong, lively and laſting colouring. The characteriſtic of genius is a compoſition expreſſive of its niceſt and boldeſt ſtrokes; but if it dares not go out of the bounds of a beaten courſe; if it keeps an equal pace from the beginning to the end; if fancy, its moving ſpring, is ſpiritleſs, and ſo daunted, that it will not make a ſally to extricate itſelf from a little embaraſſment; how will it gain admirers, or is it poſſible that it ſhould? Paſs in diligent review the face of nature: you ſee how

ſtudious

ſtudious ſhe has been to diverſify her features: in this diverſity are her moſt engaging charms: from land ſhe has made tranſitions to water, and in both how many diviſions and ſubdiviſions, all different in themſelves, and all pleaſing by being different! Here are rugged mountains, there ſmooth vallies; here are woods and foreſts, there paſture and arable grounds; here is a mighty expanſe of water, a ſea, an ocean; there water guſhes out of the bowels of the earth: it is a cool pellucid ſpring; it creeps through the graſs, it ſwells into a rivulet, a brook, and nimbly ſkips over pebbles of its own poliſhing; anon, uniting with other ſtreams, it prides itſelf in aſſuming the majeſtic flow of a river. In ſhort, throughout all the works of nature and art, nothing but variety has the power of amuſing; ſo that every thing paſſing through the organs of the ſenſes, muſt diveſt itſelf as much as poſſible of an uniform appearance, muſt make frequent digreſſions

from

from what it is to what it may be, and by ſtriking in with the oddities of ſucceſſive new modes, ſeem comet like, blazing and wonderful in a courſe of eccentricities.

How well I am pleaſed, maſter *Triſtram*, with the broad hints you have given me for making out this common place with ſo much preciſion, beſides embelliſhing it with ſo much finery! but give me leave to digreſs from you in opinion, even according to the ſame meaſure you have digreſſed from the manner of writing authenticated by the beſt maſters. *Swift* you ſay, is exceeding digreſſive, and you point to his elogium of digreſſion, to ſhew how fond he was of going awry. For my part, I have been acquainted with the gentleman for ſome years, and always thought he walked ſtraight and upright; I never knew him, as you, to have either a cold or hot fit of the ague; his air manifeſted no redundancy of peccant

cant humours, ſo as to call in a pair of crutches to conſolidate his ſupporters in arthritic claudication; I never heard him cough ſo hard, as that his phyſician could prognoſticate his pulmonic follis wanted a new nozel, though he often ſkaited as well as you againſt the wind in *Flanders*; if ever he made excurſions from home, far from treating or being treated by his diſtant friends with reſervedneſs after the faſhion of ſtrangers, they vied with each other who ſhould exert moſt the familiarity of obſequiouſneſs; if obliged to go a journey on the king's high road, though mounted on a winged Pegaſus, he never flew over turnpikes, but peaceably paid his quota, according to act of parliament; if his buſineſs was not very preſſing to haſten him to his journey's end, he would ſometimes turn out of his road, to ſurvey the adjuſtments of a charming villa, or to dine with my lord duke, in order to ſet to rights his notions in politics, or to paſs encomiums on the *politeſſe*

teſſe my lady dutcheſs had taught her lap-dog.

And now I wiſh, Mr. *Shandy*, I could ſet you down in my books as a gentleman of ſome accompliſhments, bearing, if not a ſtriking, at leaſt a ſort of reſemblance to thoſe of doctor *Swift*.——You have conned over very probably his ani-adverſions "on the words Brother Proteſtants and Brother Chriſtians;" but I would not have you, for all the world, imagine, that you are any way allied, either in affinity or conſanguinity, to ſo creditable a brotherhood. No, good ſir, you are not.— If any fatality awaits you, it is all owing to your perverſe and obſtinate animal ſpirits, that will have their own way:— Hey, they go mad, you ſay; and the very moment you are fixing the main point of the proceſs of fortification, propagation, obſtetrication, predication, *Yorick*'s bickerings, uncle *Toby*'s chaſtity, mama's modeſty, papa's potency,—

cy,--- the wicked imps drag you by the neck and heels out of your biaſs, and ſet you agog upon making ropes of ſand.

Oh indignity! that you ſhould thus be traduced by them. Oh ignominy! that they ſhould ever raiſe a bluſh in your face. Yes, they will raiſe a bluſh, when you reflect upon their indiſcretion in your lucid intervals. Then it is that you will riſe up with all the energy of condemnation againſt yourſelf for relinquiſhing the chaſte love of a virtuous lady to go aſtray after ſtrange women. And, indeed, your itch for digreſſion, as you manage it, argues in you as great an itch for illicit amours. It is ſaid, you cannot in a decent place look an honeſt woman in the face; but you can confidently range about the labyrinths of the lanes, alleys and purlues of your * * * *.

I ſhall neither teize you nor myſelf any longer about the propriety of your digreſſions;

greſſions; but remember the advice your uncle *Toby* deſigns to give you before he he dies: " Dear *Triſtram*, will he ſay, I cannot but love and thank you for the pains you have taken to induce this cenſorious world to think well of my chaſtity. You have done, my boy, as it ſeemed befitting the diſcretion of our family; and I verily believe, poſterity will be perſuaded that I really received the wound in my groin at the ſiege of *Namur*. Had you given them the leaſt inkling, that I got it in ſtorming a caſtle of *Venus*, by the ſpringing of a mine beneath the angle of the counterſcarpe, placed between two baſtions of the covered way, my memory would have been perpetually cannonaded with gibes, ſcoffs and taunts, and no ravelin, however ſtrongly conſtructed and ſituated, could have defended it againſt the bombardment of ridicule. Indeed, *Triſtram*, you have ſaved, I hope, my reputation; a good name is better than riches, and, though I thank you again

and

and again, yet, as I ſee you require ſomething more ſubſtantial than thanks, let me counſel you to be aware of diſſipating your animal ſpirits by idle digreſſions from what you ought to be about. Authors and critics will take out a commiſſion of lunacy againſt you, both for your abſence of mind, a ſtrong argument of its inſanity, and for your wanderings from the true method of writing, of which, no reverie, howſoever pleaſant and fanciful, can exculpate your non-obſervance. If you love variety, let it flow from the very nature of the ſubject you treat; and if this ſubject refuſes to be ſhewn in different lights, if it cannot put on two, three, or more faces, let there be a gentle ſliding to another, curiouſly wrought by art and almoſt imperceptible. Thus the principal and incidental matter will friendly conſpire to produce a regular whole; otherwiſe it will only be a fool's coat with patches of purple and ſcarlet:—*Sed nunc non erat his locus.*——

There's

There's a great deal in this ſeaſonable inuendo of *Horace*.—— *Profitez en mon cher Triſtram!*"

I ſhall make no addition to this cordial piece of advice uncle *Toby* intends to bequeath you as his beſt legacy, but only wiſh you was quite ſenſible of its value. At preſent, in expectation of being ſome time hence of more ſignal ſervice, I recommend you to the care of doctor *Slop*: he will extract the ventoſe and aqueous inhabitants of your *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, and ſubſtitute in their room *Homunculi* of whatever dimenſions you deſire him. In the whole, I applaud your ingenuity, and above all, your prefixing no contents to your chapters. In this, following your laudable example, I ſhall gladly conſign over to the critics the trouble of muſtering together theſe ſummaries for the benefit of their own readers. No branch of literature, in my opinion, is ſo eſſential to them, as a profound knowledge in the

the recapitulatory art; and this my opinion ſeems corroborated by the mechanical turn of genius, the ſagicious editors and proprietors of the Reviews require in their Reviewers, for manufacturing an analyſis. If they are deficient in all other qualifications for criticiſm, they think it of no moment towards retarding the advancement of letters.

CHAP. II.

SOME grave Hiſtorians, older, I dare ſay, than my great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather, have told us a very odd ſtory, — aye, and averred it for matter of fact, — concerning *Pallas*, as how ſhe was born into the

world out of *Jupiter*'s brains.—This *Jupiter* muſt have been a very queer fellow to think even of conſtructing a generative repoſitory in his ſkull; but it may be queſtioned whether he actually did, or could do ſo: for if he did, we may naturally ſuppoſe, that during the laſt month of his pregnancy, his head exceeded the dimenſions of a beer-butt, - - - what a ſtrange figure he muſt have then made! —and that when his parturient mouvements raiſed a corrugation in his noſe, and contracted his eye-brows with fretfulneſs, his ſkull fairly cracked, nay burſt aſunder, to give emiſſion to a birth ſo well grown and ſo promiſing as *Pallas*.

It could not be otherwiſe; and this I prove by inconteſtable argument.

Whatever way conception was performed, by what genial powers, or by what co-operation of active and paſſive prin-

principles, it little concerns us to know. *Jupiter* according to the faith of ſtory conceived the embryo of *Pallas* in his head; as ſhe lay couched in his pineal gland, ſhe abſorbed her firſt alimentary juices from that refined, ſubtil fluid, which has its ſource in that part, and thence branching into ſeveral almoſt imperceptible rivulets, permeates the ducts of the viſual, olfactory, auditory, guſtative and tactive nerves; when ſhe grew biggiſh, requiring no doubt, more ſubſtantial food, ſhe conſumed by degrees the whole and intire maſs of his brains; and at laſt, having eaten away to the bare bones of his ſkull, not leaving a * hard or ſoft membrane ſtanding, and being no longer able to ſubſiſt where ſhe was, ſhe made a forcible eruption in the perfect ſtate and ſize of a heroine, with

* Two membranes that enwrap the brain, the inner of them ſoft, the other hard.

ſword in hand, and armed cap-a-pee. Now *Jupiter* could not help on this occaſion having his ſkull fractured in a miſerable manner; nay, more than fractured, as a hole muſt have been made big enough for one to creep out at by the head and ſhoulders. What ſurgeon undertook to cure the affected part; how he performed the operation; how ſoon after *Jupiter* recovered; what proceſs was inſtituted for refunding him his brains; or what ſeminal matter capable of vegetating anew into that ſubſtance ſo eſſential to the well-being of intellectual faculties, was infuſed into his ſkull; are circumſtances, all and every one of which, the ſagacity of the Hiſtoriographers of this event, has ſo much left us in the dark about, that to hazard a few rational conjectures on the ſubject, would even puzzle the brains of the inquiſitive Doctor H**.

On this occaſion, I muſt think that thoſe formal wights, who take the dimenſions of every thing according to the *letter*, and would fain perſuade others as well as themſelves that there is no *plus ultra*, are bleſſed with both Aſinine ſkulls and Aſinine brains, which will appear ſuch upon diſſection. They will give me leave, and if they do not, I will take leave, to run counter to their opinion; and to aſſert boldly, that *Jupiter*'s parturition was entirely myſterious, or to ſpeak more modiſhly, allegorical, typical, ſymbolical, hieroglyphical, or any other way, that may be expreſſive of what it was not after the common manner. The wiſe Athenians in making choice of *Pallas* for their patroneſs, called her both * *Polemica* and *Politica*, *Warlike* and *Civil*; thereby denoting that the good conſtitution of a commonwealth depends of the

* *Plutarch* in *Phocione* & *Pelopida*.

conſpiring energy of military and civil diſcipline; for, though a commonwealth ought to be formed rather for peace than war, yet its ſtability and duration require that it ſhould be ſo ordered as to ſtand by both.

We now find that myſterious ſcience refuſes with good reaſon to be unveiled to vulgar eyes. They may ſtare and wonder how the thing is ſo, as they are taught to believe; but the *Illuminati* alone can explain to you, that *Jupiter* as a wiſe legiſlator had projected and put in execution the beſt form of government; that *Pallas*, the *Foetus*, before ſhe iſſued from his head, was the mature deliberation he had taken, in exactly weighing and adjuſting the merits of his ſcheme; and that *Pallas*, the Adult, when ſhe iſſued from his head, was the due and prudent adminiſtration of the ſame ſcheme of government, whereby it was connected and

and preſerved in the accurate proportion of full vigour.

As one that can lay in a juſt claim to be ranked among thoſe *Illuminati*, I ſhall venture to ſay, that *Jupiter* was alſo, what you may call, a good author. He never, as I could hear, ſet pen to paper without a regular concoction and perfect digeſtion of profound thought; he kept in conſtant rumination all the ſides of a queſtion, and it was therefore he never betrayed any ſymptoms of crudities; in ſhort, tho' by his meditabund attitudes he was often hooted at as crack-brained, yet the emanations of theſe his brains, were always found well conſolidated, nervous and durable.

I frequently wiſhed, eſpecially whenever a ſerious reflection, which was but very ſeldom, mingled with my thoughts, that I could have prevailed on myſelf in

the ſhape and manner of an Author, to reſemble *Jupiter*. But, alas! the volatility of my genius could never be fixed: I ſtruggled hard to do it, but found it impracticable. Never could I pre-meditate two minutes: never could I lay a ſcheme or plan; ſo that when I ſit down to write, I ſcarce ever know what my ſubject-matter will be, till it ſtarts up all of a ſudden. Then indeed, leſt it ſhould play arch tricks with me, as *Proteus* was wont to do, when like one of our lawyers he did not chuſe to reſolve a queſtion without a handſome fee, I bind it up tight and faſt, and never let it go, till I diſcuſs and excuſs it as I liſt.

And, now I pray all critics exiſting and poſſible, ſince I have let them into the ſecret of my genius and humour, to muſter up all the animadverſions they are capable of, on the *Life* and *Opinions* I am going to write. I no more know myſelf yet

yet than the man of the Moon, what ſort of *Life*, and what ſort of *Opinions* they are likely to turn out: but ſuppoſing, (to avoid the imputation of ſelf-ſufficiency,) that they will deſerve ſomething more than a ſupercilious treatment from the critics, I think it proper to give them here notice, that the moment they read this paragraph, they may judge themſelves, by my ſpecial permiſſion, authorized and privileged, to prepare their arms, ordinary and extraordinary, for exterminating them, if they have power to effect it; as for their good will, I make no doubt of it.—Critics are ſaid to be well furniſhed with fangs, tuſks, claws, talons, hooks, crooks, and all the implements that can be imagined for biting and ſcratching.—Let them with all my heart bite and ſcratch what I write, provided they do not bite and ſcratch me in *propriâ perſonâ*; if they do, like the viper in the fable, they may find my * *File* of well-tempered

* . . . . . *Et fragili quærens illidere dentem,*
Offendet ſolido . . . . . HOR.

ſteel.

ſteel. — When they are tired of biting and ſcratching, what diverſion would they afford the mobility, if they alſo made this *Life* and theſe *Opinions* to ſtand on the pillory for three ſucceſſive market-days in the moſt frequented parts of the town! I humbly conceive a more rational, and withal a more compendious proceſs of criticiſm, could not be inſtituted by them. Beſides ſaving time, a great deal of which muſt be waſted in hammering out a few dull remarks on the dulneſs or inanity of a book, all the compilers of the ſeveral Reviews, all the dabblers in criticiſm of ſome magazines and public papers, all the Printers, Bookſellers, Editors and others, concerned in promoting the cauſe, and vending the effects of criticiſm, may aſſemble on a ſhort warning, and after pledging one another in gin or two-penny, walk in proceſſion with the pillory on their heads, till they can decently fix it, ſuppoſe at Fleet-Ditch, with the book, the diſmal object of their hatred, ſuſ-

pended

pended conſpicuouſly in the known aperture; and then beſpatter it with all the dirt, and mire, and filth, and ordure they can ſcrape up; not forgetting to grace this game of pelting, at proper intervals, with the loudeſt peals of damning, according to the moſt genuine and beſt authenticated forms of blackardiſm.—The Reviewers will be proud, and well they may, of this hint I have given them: Aye, and ſay they, good Mr. Adviſer, you may be the firſt we ſhall decorate with the trophies of the pillory; — you have given us a fine open to puſh home at you; — remember the old Philoſopher's ſaying, "He that follows truth too cloſe at the heels, will have dirt flung in his face."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THERE is a rule in writing, which, the greateſt part of thoſe, who call themſelves Authors, treſpaſs againſt; and this is, either beginning too high up, or if they do ſet out in the proper place, immediately making excurſions by ſilly circumlocution or idle apology. I ſhall make no apology for what I write: ſome may like it, and ſome may not; — and if the critics accuſe me of beginning where I ought not; if they alſo accuſe me of being deficient in the true œconomy of a diſcourſe, of not always conſulting the exactneſs of decorum, let them blame the time I write in, and the age I write

write for, and not the author. New taſtes ſpring up conſtantly; that which is beſt ſeaſoned with delicacy and refinement, will keep longeſt and ſuit the greateſt diverſity of palates. If an author can hit this taſte, he will yield pleaſure and profit, the end of all ingenious compoſitions. Every one may fondly * flatter himſelf with ſucceſs; but none but connoiſſeurs are conſcious to themſelves of the difficulty of dreſſing up nature in a modiſh garb, yet ſo as that it may ſit eaſy upon her, without making her look awkard, without making her to be pointed at as ridiculous.

I ſhall now without any more ado, enter upon the preliminaries of my *Life* and *Opinions*; I ſay, preliminaries; becauſe *Triſtram Shandy*, my precedent, has made it the faſhion to ſpecify the manner of

* . . . . . *ut ſibi quivis*
Speret idem, fruſtra ſtudet, fruſtraque laborat,
Auſus idem. . . . . . HOR.

his

his firſt exiſtence in the *egg*, what happened during the time of *hatching* him, and what was immediately previous to the obſtetrical operations for breaking his *egg-ſhell*, and letting him come forth a pretty *chick*. I ſhall even out-do him in one particular, which is giving an accurate account of the ways and means concerted by my father for getting me, before I was got. — I am ſurprized how ſo intereſting an anecdote could have eſcaped *Triſtram Shandy*: I dare ſay, if he had thought of it, inſtead of beginning from the *egg*, he would have began from before the *egg*, that is, before it was fructified.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

MY Father's family name was *Montfichet*, not *Mountfidget* as ſome were often pleaſed to ſpell and pronounce it; for I never could learn that any of the family were troubled with the *Fidgets*; they were all a ſtaid, ſober, ſedate ſet of people, both men and women; and I verily believe that it was by reaſon of the gravity ſo inherent to the family, and for which they were ſo remarkable, that they got the name of *Montfichet*, which is properly interpreted *a fixed mountain, ſtable, immoveable*, or, if you pleaſe, founded upon a rock.

But

But this is not what I would be at. My father, it ſeems, as the matter ſtands upon record in the waſte leaves of a great bible, which has been in the poſſeſſion of our family ever ſince the reign of king James I. having married into the *Montjoy* family, had nothing by his wife *Bertha*, my mother, but wenches, during the three firſt years of wedlock.—Let me ſee, ſhe brought him *two* at her firſt lying-in; *one* at the ſecond, and *two* again at the third: they all lived and thrived, grew up into bouncing laſſes, and enjoy good health and ſpirits to this day.

My mother had but juſt lain-in of her two laſt daughters, that is, the midwife, aſſiſted by my grandmother *Joan*, my father's mother, and by my aunt *Dinah*, my mother's ſiſter, had ſcarce ſet things to rights, and dreſſed the children, when my father entering to pay his reſpects to the woman in the ſtraw, and to aſk what God had ſent, was briſkly anſwered by the midwife,

midwife, " two as pretty creatures as ever eyes beheld: good lack! what ſweet ſouls they are." " What are they, what are they, (ſaid my father) boys or girls? Hereupon the midwife producing one, and my aunt *Dinah* the other, but without ſpeaking a word about the ſex: enough, enough, (ſaid my father) I ſee by their caps what they are." Then turning upon his heel, he went out of the chamber, but coming back quickly and directing his diſcourſe to my mother: " Is it not ſtrange, my dear, that you ſhould thus peſter and incumber me with wenches? How ſhall I be able to portion them off; and what is worſe, if you go on at this rate, I ſhall never have a ſon to perpetuate the name and good qualities of our honourable family? You are ſenſible of the condition my brother *Dick* is in; he will never marry; and ſo the ſhort and the long of it muſt be, that the *Montfichet* family will ſee itſelf extinct, without any heirs male, I dont mean to its eſtate, which

is but trifling; to its virtues, I mean, a matter of mighty conſequence to thoſe who are deſirous to propagate a race of good men, for making this preverſe world better than it is."

That the reader may not ſurmiſe any thing to the prejudice of my uncle *Dick*, from the oblique hint my father had inconſiderately given of his inability to engage in the ſtate of matrimony, be it known that the condition he was in, was nothing more than a rupture in his *ſcrotum*, judged by ſome ſurgeons to be incurable. He contracted it when very young, but by what accident, neither himſelf nor any of the family remember.

My father ſpoke with ſo much earneſtneſs, and ſo faſt, that the good woman in the ſtraw could not find room to wedge in a word, tho' ſhe ſtrained hard with many a ſignificant motion to do it, notwithſtanding her ſituation, which required great

great compoſure. It was very wrong to ruffle her temper at that time; but how ſhould my father govern his, when children came againſt his will?—His little ſpurt of vexation now over, my mother did not fail to give vent to hers. "Lord Mr. *Montfichet*, (replied ſhe) what an odd man you are! I bring you nought but girls! nay, I muſt bring what you yourſelf get. I ſhould like boys as well as you; get them in the name of wonder: what comes, will be your own work, all your own gettings; none elſe, I am ſure, will have a ſhare in getting them."—"You argue the caſe, my dear, (ſaid my father) as if I was ſuſpicious that ſome cuckow had purloined my neſt of its genuine eggs; no, no, the purity of your heart keeps it in greater ſecurity than a hundred eyed *Argus* ſet to watch it.—But is there not, (added he) turning to the midwife, ſome art, ſome method, ſome what-d'ye-call-it, of getting a boy rather than a girl."—"I know of none, (an-

ſwered the midwife) I believe it is all as God pleaſes"—"Piſh! woman, (ſaid my father) God pleaſes nothing about it: —God has eſtabliſhed certain general laws in nature, whereby he has deſtined us to act. By the law for generation, we get children, both male and female; but there is a certain animal œconomy, a certain loco-motive power that operates, to produce either ſex. If we underſtood well this œconomy, and could direct exactly this power, our bodies being alſo properly diſpoſed; I make no doubt of our hitting the point always, in getting, as beſt ſuited our inclinations and circumſtances, either males or females.—But what am I about?—I forget myſelf.—I am throwing away good philoſophy on a parcel of ignorant women, who know no more than the poſt, a tittle of what I have ſaid.—Well, if it be poſſible to have a boy, I will have one.—Let me ſee.—(continued he) after knitting his brows and wrinkling his noſe into a minute of brown ſtudy—Aye

—Aye, 'tis all right; there is an eminent phyſician in our neighbourhood, a very ſkilful anatomiſt, I am told; and if it be ſo, I am ſure, he knows to a hair's breadth the animal œconomy. Him I will adviſe with, coſt me what it will. Beſides, I will ſeek out for two others, equally celebrated for their profound learning: we ſhall have a conſultation, wife; yes, a conſultation of phyſicians! They will put us in the way of getting boys for the honour of the *Montfichet* family.—— What ſay you; I believe twenty guineas a piece will do their buſineſs; it will be no unacceptable preſent for only hearing them chat, and con over the matter for a few hours.—I will alſo have the conſultation conducted in a grand and ſolemn manner: the doctors ſhall appear in all the *Inſignia* of their ſcientific qualifications: Gowns, with long ſweeping tails, octogonal bonnets, perriwigs floating to their girdles, ruffs overſhadowing their ſhoulders, and their feet ſhod with buſkins, will

give a ſanction to their deliberations. From ſuch a mein and ſuch a garb, what torrents of arts and ſciences ſhall we not ſee flow to fertilize our dull conceptions?—Harkee, wife; remember nothing is to be done *entre nous*, till I am initiated in the method of male-propagation by theſe worthy doctors."

"Upon my word, Mr. *Montfichet*, (ſaid my mother) I had vaſt patience to hear out your tedious harangue. One leſs acquainted with your whims and fancies than I am, would take you to be beſide yourſelf.—Prithee, let me have no more of your philoſophy, and doctors, and animal œconomy. I want to be at reſt; I muſt not be diſturbed; you can't think how much I am diſordered by the clatter you have made, with your ſcheme of boy-getting: a hundred to one after all your conſultations, but you may be as far to ſeek as ever."

My

My mother's remonſtrance was very rational, and my father, who loved her tenderly, fearing to chagreen her, quitted the chamber, deſiring her to chear up her ſpirits, and enjoy all the quiet and comforts ſhe could wiſh for.

So ſoon as the midwife perceived he was gone, for near half a minute ſhe threw herſelf back in the chair ſhe ſat on, expreſſing her ſurprize with up-lifted hands and eyes. Then addreſſing my mother, "Dear madam (ſaid ſhe) I can not believe that Mr. *Montfichet* thinks of having a conſultation of phyſicians: no man in his ſenſes would think of any ſuch thing: ſurely, getting a boy or girl, is all as God pleaſes." "One ſhould think ſo (cried my aunt *Dinah*) but his philoſophy thinks otherwiſe." "I warrant he will have his way (ſaid my mother) there is no perſuading him off of a thing, once he has taken it in his head; I ſhould know him by this time of day." "Aye

(ſaid my grandmother *Joan*) he is his father's own child, the very picture of his father in all his vagaries.———The Lord in heaven knows what a life I led for the forty-nine long years I was married to him, and how many heart-achs I felt, when all I could do, could not keep him from ſcheming.———Time was ſpent, away went money, and nothing for either; no, not, I believe, the value of a pin's head."

Beſides theſe ſpeeches, there were many others, conſiſting of direct and poſitive *queſtions*, with their direct and poſitive *anſwers*; *interlocutions*, when there was a general comment upon the ſubject-matter; *interrogatories*, when doubts aroſe concerning what the ſpeaker advanced; *interruptions*, when one was eager to put in a few words, or tell a new ſtory, before the other had done; *rejoinders*, when what had been inculcated, was further corroborated and illuſtrated,

luſtrated, perhaps with ſimiles and examples; *recollections*, when the memory became refreſhed with new and intereſting anecdotes; *replies*, when there was a neceſſity of ſetting to rights what in ſome meaſure had been ſaid amiſs; *contradictions*, when every one would have the thing their own way; *altercations*, when they had a fair wrangle about it: To which may be added, notes of *admiration*, one hundred; notes of *exclamation*, fifty; notes of *laughing*, twenty-five; notes of *weeping*, twelve and a half; notes of *grinning*, ſix and a half; notes of *pity*, three and a half; notes of *ſeriouſneſs*, one and a half: All theſe orations and perorations, I ſay, made more emphatic by their interjective elocutions, were declaimed and bandied about by this junto of female ſophs, on my poor father's project for getting a boy; and they did not ceaſe with a full period, till the ſqualing of the two little wenches called aloud for their attention to pacify them,

them, which done, my mother ſoon after fell aſleep.

CHAP. V.

ALL this deſcanting at my father's expence, and what is worſe, by ſome of his boſom friends and neareſt relations, muſt fill a cool reader's head (I mean the head of him who cares not a fig about the honour of the *Montfichet* family) with long and broad ideas, that my father was wrong-headed in all the meaſures he had concerted, and would be more eſpecially in that for male-productions, which chance-medley, or a lucky hit, might bring to a bearing; but no art or method, or any fixed plan to operate

rate by. To exculpate my father from the odious imputation of *wrong-headiſm*, his memory may hereby be ſullied with, I find it incumbent on me not to be ſilent as to his genuine character: Then it is, and then only, that the Judicious will know, whether they ought to commend him for his juſtneſs of thought, or make ſlight of him for endeavouring, or wiſhing to realize, what as to exiſtence, may be deemed purely chymerical.

My father was, what you may call, a full and notable exception, to all the general rules of common notions that prevail in the world. Whether he became thus exceptionable by the inherent force of nature, or that he made himſelf ſo by acquired habits, I could never juſtly learn. Very probably his humour for ſegregating himſelf from the opinions that reign in the world, was worked up to a due conſiſtency from a well digeſted meditation of Deſcartes' philoſophical principles.

ciples. He was often heard to ſay, that the firſt part of a man's life ſhould be contemplative; that is, as ſoon as reaſon could emerge from the prejudices of infancy and education, and be able to judge of the fitneſs of things, man ought frequently and attentively to conſider what he is, and for what end he was ſent into the world. Under the guidance of theſe two principles, man may be thoroughly acquainted with the different relations of his conduct to the author of his being, to himſelf, and to his neighbour. If the ſallies of youth, or the fumes of paſſion ſhould throw a cloud over theſe principles, ſo as to obſtruct or obſcure the ſight of them, the conſequences of thoſe inconveniencies human nature is ſubject to, will not be durable: habitual ſelf-reflection will ſoon diſcuſs the cloud, and reaſon will reſume its former empire. So true it is, that what is early implanted in minds, which generally of themſelves are indifferent to good and bad, will take

deep

deep root, and will be predominant throughout the whole courſe of life.

To form, therefore, the moral character (as my father was wont to tell me, and the reſt of his children) ought to be our firſt and moſt important concern; and, when once formed with propriety, it will not fail to be expreſſive of the whole dignity of man. Hence, as from a fruitful ſource will flow that tendency to perfection, which will give a juſt value to all our thoughts, words, and actions.

To think well, becauſe we ſhall ſpeak and act accordingly, ſaid he, (for the reader may be aſſured that this is all his own diſcourſe, and not one word of mine) we may be perſuaded, that nothing is better calculated for that purpoſe than the *method* of *doubting* propoſed by the philoſopher Deſcartes. Doubt is only

ly a ſuſpenſion of the aſſent in thinking; not that we can, or ought effectually to doubt of the evidence of ſome things; but we may well decline the determination of our judgment, till we perceive clearly if we can join or ſeparate the ideas of what may eſſentially, or not, belong to them. Thus it was, that this great philoſopher, exploding all the occult qualities of his predeceſſors, and rejecting all the opinions that could not ſtand the teſt of his *methodical doubt*, endeavoured to ſound the abyſs of nature, and by diligently exploring all parts of it, drew forth and placed things in their own light; ſome conſpicuous by their evidence, others not leſs evident, tho' inſcrutable by the ſenſes; others grounded on reaſon and experience, and others immerſed within the *Arcana* of nature, yet probable, as ſometimes diſcoverable, with their particular cauſes and reaſons, by accident, and ſometimes by the ſagacity of man.

If

If we ever ſuffer ourſelves to be led aſide by error, our miſhap generally proceeds from no other cauſe, than precipitately judging that the thing is ſo, before we have any diſtinct or clear knowledge of it. The prejudices of infancy and education, adminiſter alſo a ſtrong and laſting fuel to our raſh judgments; they ſeem to be our *ſufficient Reaſon* in all controverted matters; and we even blindly adhere to their dictates, ſhuddering at the thoughts, or hardſhips of a further reſearch. In this diſpoſition of mind, do we exerciſe that excellent gift of reaſon we have had freely given to us? No; the ordering of our lives and opinions would ſeem as if only actuated by a ſimilar inſtinct to that of brute beaſts. Let us then riſe up from out of our ſenſeleſs inaction, let us diveſt ourſelves of our prejudices, let us ſequeſter ourſelves from the multitude, and let us boldly doubt of all things we are allowed to doubt of.

Of matters of faith we have no occaſion to doubt, having a very ſufficient ſeal of their authenticity in the authority of a God, who is infinitely *good* and *true*, and therefore neither can, nor will lead us into error. If ſome doubt of the Being of this infinitely good and true God, let them look to themſelves, to the adminiſtration of this world, and they will every where find marks of an infinite wiſdom and providence. By this only conſideration, the Atheiſt's doubts will vaniſh; and the Deiſt, by attending to the infinite goodneſs of God, in making known to man the way he ſhould walk in, will not queſtion his veracity; neither can he reaſon philoſophically, unleſs he becomes a Chriſtian. The eſſence of faith remains pure, unblemiſhed and unhurt, amidſt the variety of modes it may be dreſſed up with. The wiſe man may abſtract his mind from whatever he finds amiſs in them; he may conſider them as conditions of human diſcipline, good perhaps

perhaps in their primitive inſtitution, but abuſed by the depravity of hearts bent upon gain; and in this point of view he muſt repute it an abſurdity, to think in common, that there is a diverſity of Chriſtian religions ſubſiſting in the world. There is but one Chriſtian religion, like a ſtout oak tree, firmly rooted, and from a robuſt trunk expanding itſelf into ſeveral branches. Some of the branches of this one religion, may decay and finally periſh, becauſe they refuſed the nouriſhing ſap of the eſſence of faith, and ſwerved from the moral rectitude of the goſpel, in which all the precepts we ſee laid down and inculcated, contain nothing more than the laws of nature recommended and enforced in the ſtate of perfection. An abſolute, or implicit belief of matters purely ſpeculative, and for which we can find no ſatisfactory warrants in Revelation, or the force of Reaſon, is not required of us by God; but he requires of us the belief and practice

of the poſitive truths in his goſpel, on which he will judge us. Hence, we muſt condemn all penal laws, inquiſitions, or any other ſort of perſecution, compulſive of men's conſciences to the belief of ſpeculations, frivolous in their own nature, and abſurd in practice. Every man, provided he is juſt and honeſt, no enthuſiaſt, no incendiary, no diſturber of the public peace, ſhould be peaceably permitted to indulge his private ſentiments; they are innocent in themſelves, and neither can do himſelf nor others any harm. But there will be always contrivances of wicked and ſelfiſh men for forcing the impenetrable intrenchments of conſcience, whilſt there is ſuch a thing in a ſtate, as the governing Powers are pleaſed to call the Eſtabliſhed Religion. Certain it is, that political prudence finds the union of religious opinions very neceſſary for the ſupport of abſolute and arbitrary monarchies, but the ſame cannot be ſaid of a free ſtate. So ſoon as it is declared,

that the ſubject ſhall enjoy liberty and property in their temporals, the ſame alſo ought to be underſtood of their ſpirituals, ſuppoſing always that the laws propoſed for their regulation admit nothing contrary to moral rectitude. Some ſubjects of the free ſtate diſſent from its eſtabliſhed religion; education, conſcience, or reaſon, diſſuades them from complying with its forms and manner of worſhip; their tenets or opinions, are no way repugnant to the morality of the goſpel: ought they therefore to be excluded the immunities and privileges thoſe only of the eſtabliſhed religion are entitled to, or muſt they, to qualify themſelves in order to partake of them, abjure and recant, according to the ceremonial of whimſical oaths, teſts, and other embryos of fancy? It ſeems that a ſtate, priding itſelf in being free, ſhould not lay ſome of its ſubjects, equally good with the reſt, under ſuch reſtraints. A civil toleration may be granted:—ſuppoſe it is, yet it will not

anſwer the ends propoſed by the enjoyment of a well regulated liberty and property. All good ſubjects in general, without examining into their religious principles, for which they are accountable to God alone, ought to have an unqueſtionable right to the benefits of the free ſtate they live under, and are governed by; otherwiſe, the ſtate cannot be ſaid to be free; it is ſo only in part, and not in the whole. Real and undiſputed merit, wherever found, ſhould challenge notice, and even adequate rewards; but a phantom of eſtabliſhed religion, the greateſt incongruity in a free ſtate, keeps it groveling at a diſtance, depreſſed by the ignominy of ſordid repulſes.

Let it be remembered, that it is next to an impoſſibility to deſtroy any one particular religion, when it has once taken root. Extravagant flights may ſtart up, but they will ſoon fall; like a delirious fever that raiſes an active ſpring of uncommon

common ſtrength, in a body otherwiſe quite debilitated by its ailment, but is of no continuance, death, or a renovation of health, ſoon after ſucceeding. Vice and immorality, ſometimes the immediate conſequence of pernicious doctrines, may have their day of triumph; but the indignant emotions of virtue, the love of order, will quickly bring them to ſhame and confuſion. So that the permanency of any religious ſect muſt be grounded on the purity of its doctrines; and if it is reducible to this ſtandard, if it can ſtand this teſt, it cannot be ſet aſide, and ought of conſequence to meet with no oppreſſion.

It were to be wiſhed, that all men could be induced to think alike, eſpecially in religious matters, but unfortunately they cannot: liberty of thought muſt have its prerogatives. The body may be compelled to ſtoop under the yoke of baſe ſervitude; the apprehenſion

of pain, the fierceneſs of tyranny, may over-awe it to extort the mind's compliance: but the mind within itſelf ſtands erect, and ſmiles at all the impotent efforts for ſubduing it. Sometimes even it will not liſten to the complaints of the body, and boldly commanding it to ſuffer, ſays plainly it cannot retract. Tertullian obſerves, that the blood of martyrs was the ſeed of Chriſtians. His remark was juſt: for the blind rage of one religious party to extinguiſh another of a different opinion, ſerves only to animate this other, both to ward off the blow, and to propagate itſelf with greater zeal. Of this we have many diſmal examples among Chriſtians, which none but the ſober thinking and the wiſe know how to lament, and wiſh that ſuch again may never happen to diſturb the good order of the world.

If the ſentiments of all men in regard to religion cannot be made to ſquare with each other

other, ſo neither will their ſentiments in politics. Both are influenced by the ſame ſpirit, as to the freedom of thought, and often the one is the reſult of the other. The former naturally rejecting a coalition of parties, may, notwithſtanding, by a ſuitable degree of civil toleration, become ſerviceable to a ſtate, and conſpire friendly to promote its welfare. The liberty and property of the ſubject are ſufficient for the acquieſcence of the latter, ſo as to be a bar againſt the evils of anarchy and confuſion, and to excite an univerſal deſire of contributing to the common good.

However, politics will never arrive at perfection in practice, chiefly by reaſon of the changes commonwealths are ſubject to. Some commonwealths have been thought founded on the moſt wholeſome laws, and ſecured by the beſt regulations; yet, on ſeveral accounts, have made trial of the fatality of viciſſitude. The diffe-

rent ſtate of men and times, may perhaps make ſuch changes neceſſary; ſo that, as no ſtability in politics can be expected, we have it only in our power to delineate a fine picture of political perfection, which we may contemplate for the recreation of our minds, whenever the ſyſtem of what we permit ourſelves to be governed by, diſpleaſes us, either by the groſſneſs of its machinery, or the unſkilfulneſs or baſeneſs of its directors.

Abſolute and uncontrolled monarchy would be the beſt form of government, if an angel from heaven was to be the monarch, who, by the condition of his nature, could furniſh no exceptions againſt his conduct. But ſince a man muſt be the monarch, a man perhaps addicted to ambition, avarice, arrogance, cruelty; a ſlave to all the incentives of voluptuous living; a ſeeker of happineſs for himſelf alone; will it be ſaid that government in ſuch hands is a thing deſireable? Again,

gain, ſuppoſing monarchy limited, or its annexed power laid under certain reſtrictions; will the man, commiſſioned to wield the ſcepter, who by his actions proves himſelf vicious, be fit for governing? This power is thought by the ſubject to be ſo fixed, that even if ambition ſhould prompt him to arbitrary views, he muſt ſtop ſhort, and cannot annoy them. But who are thoſe who adminiſter under and for him? Who are thoſe that ſhare the legiſlative power with him? Are they wiſe and prudent, irreproachable in their lives, of ſufficient abilities to diſcharge the truſt repoſed in them? Are they diſintereſted? Can they remain uninfluenced by bribes? Can the motives of ſelf-preſervation be more prevalent with them than thoſe of conſulting the welfare of their country? Can they be ſhaken from the honeſt purpoſe of their ſouls, in the ſervice of this country, thro' fear of incurring the diſpleaſure of the prince? If none of theſe particulars can, in the ſtrictneſs

neſs of truth, be affirmed of them, but that on the contrary they are ſycophants, corruptors and corrupted; meaſurers of the extent of their duty, by the emoluments of their places and penſions; their hearts ſeared with the warmeſt affections for venality; ſtudiers by the ſpirit of ſelf-intereſtedneſs, of the intereſt of the prince as ſeparate from the intereſt of the ſubject:--Will limited monarchy, adminiſtered by ſuch legiſlators, the debauchers of the morals of their nation, be alſo deſireable? No; the conſtitution, 'tis true, is excellent in ſpeculation, but wicked men make it execrable in practice. What can we find then more eligible than the true Republican form of government? Virtue under its auſpices will have her encouragement and reward. Liberty, regulated by the preſcript of order, will dread no infractors of its rights, either from the ambition of the great, or the tumultuous clamours of the populace. Power will not be guilty of indecencies, when conſcious

ſcious to itſelf of its ſhort duration, and that it muſt be accountable for any abuſe made of its authority. Such was the ancient Roman republic, whilſt integrity ſat at the helm. It conquered the world, becauſe it had virtues to conquer it; but ſo ſoon as it became degenerate by the ſpirit of avarice and corruption, it ceaſed to be; which will be the fate of all other ſtates equally corrupt, or at leaſt like the criſis of a malignant fever, either promiſing approaching death, or a ſounder conſtitution for life, by purging quite away, the collected maſs of ill humours.

Thus far the gentle reader may ſee how cautious I have been not to touch myſelf upon my father's caſt of mind, leaſt I ſhould palm upon him opinions he had no great liking to. It was beſt to let him ſpeak for himſelf; "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh." Theſe thoughts of his on religion and politics, when I was of age to comprehend them,

them, he duly repeated over to me once a week, and in the ſame ſerious and declamatory mood I laid them down, deſiring me not to forget from time to time to chew the cud of underſtanding upon them, as points of ſingular importance in life. I muſt confeſs I always entertained a very exalted idea of my father's integrity, and more eſpecially of his extenſive ſpirit of benevolence; for he often conſidered himſelf as a citizen of the whole world, and ardently wiſhed that he could improve mankind in goodneſs. His greateſt foible was his ſearching after things buried in the receſſes of nature, or whoſe knowledge is too intricate for our penetration to lay open. If what be conceived implied no contradiction, if it carried a face of probability, he was eager for a diſcovery: not that he was poſitive at the ſame time; for he called in his check of *doubting*, before he ſet about examining. If he ſometimes conſulted others, it was becauſe he preſumed, that a perſon ought to be a

greater

greater adept in what he had expreſsly ſtudied, in order to profeſs the ſame, than another who only ſtudies for private ſatisfaction. With this view he fancied a conſultation of phyſicians adviſable to help him in making out the proceſs of getting a boy occaſionally rather than a girl. But the reader may be ſurprized, and ſo am I, how a man of his ſenſe, ſhould require, as he was pleaſed to ſignify to my mother, that his doctors ſhould appear badged out, to give a greater ſanction to their definitive ſentences on the art of male-generation. I could find no reaſon aſſigned for this oddity in any of the memoirs he left behind him for my ſpecial peruſal; ſo that I muſt beg the favour of the courteous reader to have a little patience, whilſt I ſtrive to account for it in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN a man is perſuaded, or others for him, that appearing under ſuch a character, that profeſſing himſelf this or that, would ſuit his intereſt, by putting money in his pocket, and getting him a good name;—whatever his interiour is, whether full or empty, broad or narrow, round or ſquare, hollow or flat, it little matters, ſo his whole exteriour is compoſed to a ſymbolic indication of what he would have himſelf reputed. By thus ordering himſelf, he becomes in effect a ſort of Egyptian hierogrammatiſt, with this difference only, that as the gypſey marked out his hieroglyphics, or myſteri-

ous

ous ſcience, on poſts and pillars to be gazed at; ſo he marks out his own on himſelf, to be reconnoitred as a ſign-poſt, or wondered at as *Lot*'s wife turned into a pillar of ſalt.

Nothing in the world excites curioſity more than myſtic arts and ſciences. If the vulgar by the obtuſeneſs of their parts cannot cut into them, ſo as to appropriate a ſlice to themſelves; they will, if they can, be ſharpened or cut by them; which is the ſame, as if I ſaid, that though they are not able to dip into their operating cauſes, they have a great itch to be dipt by their operated effects. Nothing but experience, unleſs they are moon-ſtruck, can convince them, whether the particle of knowledge they have been initiated in, will be followed with joy or regret; whether the purchaſe is on eaſy terms, or makes them ſmart; and whether, when all is ſaid and done, they have not good reaſon to wiſh all hieroglyphical, ſymboli-

cal

cal, emblematical, typical, problematical, ænigmatical virtuoſos, with all their arts, ſciences, myſteries, crafts, cunnings, and all the implements of theſe, by the name of modes, modifications, figures, configurations, eſſences and quinteſſences, to to the devil. They have no other alternative than ſuch a wiſh, unleſs they have a mind to wiſh themſelves of the aſſociation for having dealt with them; for having by their means conjured up a ſpirit, which they will not be able to lay.

I thought fit to premiſe thus much to what I am going to ſay, becauſe it will be a main prop to it; but if any of our hireling critics do not underſtand me, let them attend to the following illuſtration.

All the knowledge that can be gleaned by man's intellects in this world, is built upon *mathematical demonſtration*, or *conjecture*. I need not here enumerate the ſeveral branches of mathematical learning; all

all are acquainted with, or at leaſt have heard of their utility. Of conjectural learning I make three grand diviſions, divinity, law, and phyſic. I call theſe ſciences conjectural; becauſe tho' they have an object poſitively true to conſider, they vary in their interpretations concerning what may be the real truth of the object; and alſo ſometimes diſfigure the object, if not intirely falſify it by ſubſtituted ſophiſtications, ſo that its truth cannot be diſcerned.

The object of divinity among chriſtians is their faith. The goſpel is true; therefore there is a true faith. But the queſtion is, where this true faith exiſts, according to the truth of the goſpel. Divines have made its exiſtence very precarious, by defining what is, and what is not faith. If one ſays it is here, another tells him he lies, and that the goſpel makes it there. One might be tempted from the diverſity of their deciſions to be-

lieve that Chriſt has no viſible church upon earth, tho' he has in reality; but the queſtion will return, 'where?' Divines will not ſatisfy you in this point; they all lay in and fix upon the claim of their particular ſocieties. What muſt a poor ſimple chriſtian do, bewildered in ſuch an irremeable labyrinth? His judgment is not ſo ſound or acute that he can judge for himſelf: ſcripture may be his rule of faith, but to underſtand ſcripture, he muſt abide by the determination of this or that divine, which this or that other divine declares to be erroneous, or quite foreign to the ſenſe of ſcripture. Therefore all divinity is mere conjecture, and all its profeſſors, mere conjecturers. It will be impoſſible for any ſet of divines to refute what I here advance, unleſs they pretend to an infallibility of doctrine, which, if they cannot clearly prove, all they have hitherto done, and will hereafter do, by dint of ſpecious reaſons and plauſible argument, muſt go for nothing. They have

have been only putting themſelves to their wits end for contriving ways and means to ſcrub and rub the blackmoor into a more familiar colour.

The ſecond diviſion of conjectural learning, is the law. It has been aptly placed as a ſtickler between the two other diviſions, to prevent any claſhing in their reſpective intereſts, or with a view of putting them in mind of the commandment, 'Thou ſhalt not kill;' or which perhaps is more probable, to ſerve occaſionally to either as an alterative medicine: for as divinity is phyſic to the ſoul, in oppoſition to the phyſic preſcribed for working the body; ſo law is phyſic to both the ſoul and body, working the ſoul by the perturbations of a peck of troubles, and the body by retrenching its ſuperfluities: nay, often by reducing it to very low circumſtances, the better to allay the ferment of its fever.—Connoiſſeurs underſtand what I here mean:

and now let me ſee, if conjecture will fit law with the ſame analogy it does divinity.

Two claſſes of perſons comprehend all that is agitated within the precincts of law. The firſt may be called law-givers, or makers of law; the ſecond, law-breakers, or diſtributers of it in bits and ſcraps. The firſt deal in it by wholeſale, the ſecond by retail. Suppoſe, the principal inhabitants of the planet of Saturn,—who by the bye are noted for not caring much about a kingſhip among them, but juſt as it ſuits their conveniency,—ſhould aſſemble to make a law for converting their *lead* into *gold*. "My lords and gentlemen! (ſays one of their orators, after begging their ſilence and attention) I humbly conceive, that the motion made for the converſion of our *Saturn* into the *Sun*, ought not in the winding up terminate barely in a converſion of ſilly propoſitions, but in a converſion

converſion of things to be of real ſervice to us. When I was a ſtudent of logic in one of our univerſities, and a grave diſpute aroſe about converting the particular propoſition, " Some mouſe is in the wall:" how do you think our thick-headed profeſſor taught us to convert it? You muſt do it thus, ſaid he, clapping his finger index on his noſe, and ſtaring us out of countenance, with a look of peremptory erudition: " Some wall is in the mouſe." I knew immediately that he was wrong: for how the devil could the wall be in the mouſe? Now, my lords and gentlemen! we ſhall be all wrong, and convert nothing but mice into walls, and walls into mice, if we do not previouſly conſider of a due proceſs for tranſmuting the *lead* we are incumbered with into *gold*. *Sublata cauſâ tollitur effectus*,—which I conſtrue thus; " Gentility without ability is like a pudding without fat;" —lets us into the ſecret of a bright maxim which ſhould be attended to: it is a *con-*

ditio ſine quâ non,—which I alſo conſtrue thus, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it;"—*Ergo*,—and this I take to be a clear ſolution of the queſtion."

He ſpoke, was applauded, and ſat him down. Up ſtarts another orator, who, having ſpent a qu arter of a minute and a few ſeconds, in dejecting the muſcles of his face into melancholy ſymptoms, delivered himſelf with a wailing tone of voice in theſe words: "My lords and gentlemen, only ſee what a pickle I am in, if you can't ſee how you are ſouſed yourſelves over head and ears! my chin, my teeth, my ears, my noſe, my ſkull, aye, and I believe my brains too are all lead, or incruſtated with lead. Mark what heavy ſheets of lead hang down from my ſhoulders! I muſt take up with them, for indeed I have no other cloths to wear. Propitious heaven! when ſhall we, and how ſhall we rid ourſelves of the burden? We are juſtly puniſhed for the ſins of our fathers;

fathers; they introduced, and brought into requeſt this leaden apparel:—God forgive them!—I don't know whether we can!—I wiſh I could ſay, 'the lord reſt their ſouls in peace!' but my heart will not let me; for how can we pray for them whilſt we are borne down by the weight of their iniquities, and are juſt ready to ſink under the load."

This ſpeech ſet all in the ſenate-houſe a groaning, who felt any of the lead about them, whether in their ſleeves, in their heads, or in their heels. It is true, ſome had hearts of ſtone, and were quite inſenſible of the preſſure, however accumulated: theſe were they who had grains of allowance made them in gold, privately ſhuffled about for their ſecret ſervices. It happened, notwithſtanding, at this time, that they did not make a majority, and the ruling part of the houſe being intent on having the affair, if practicable, paſſed

into a law, a third orator ſtood up with propoſals of ways and means.

" My lords and gentlemen! (ſaid he) the noble orator who ſpoke firſt, pointed out an accurate method for annihilating our enormous leaden maſſes; but if we have a mind to proceed *ſecundum artem*, the ingenuity of our alchymiſts muſt be called in to the aſſiſtance of a committee of the whole houſe. I am confident that ſome of them can get to the bottom of the *arcanum* of philoſophers for making perfect * gold out of lead, and when we

* That the curious reader may not be at a loſs for a proceſs to conduct him in the tranſmutation of lead into gold, I ſhall here, by way of Note, oblige him with two very eaſy ones in the execution; and if his operations and experiments prove ſucceſsful, I hope he will let me have a ſhare of the ſpoil. This is due to my painful reſearches in collecting and adjuſting for his benefit what I found ſcattered in ſome of the lucubrations of the *Illuminati*, towards developing this grand *Arcanum*. If the

we have a ſufficient quantity of that precious metal, we can prevail upon them to prepare, as remedies for all our paſt ailments, and preſervatives for our future good health, *potable gold*, *diaphoretic gold*, *balſam*

the calls of poverty were not too urgent upon me; that is, if I could ſpare enough out of my very neceſſary expences to furniſh myſelf with an Apparatus, *cum multis aliis*, I would gladly have left folks in the dark, and enjoyed the whole crop of this golden harveſt to myſelf. This ingenuous confeſſion on my part ſhews, that Authors and Philoſophers are tinctured with the ſpirit of avarice as well as other men, and that it is, perhaps, happy for the world the malign influence of ſome three-penny planet, diſables them from making experiments; becauſe, were it not for this inconveniency, they would not have been ſo communicative, which they are compelled to, in hopes to go ſnacks with an operator, who can throw away money to defray the expences of pans, pots, pipkins and crucibles.— But without any more ado, let me come to the point of conferring this great obligation on any of my readers, who may be deſirous to make the moſt of their lead. I intreat, however, all plumbers not to meddle or make in the matter.

Let

balſam of *gold*, and *gold* of *life*, or *precipitate* with *gold*. The diſorder that has moſtly preyed upon our conſtitution, is the *ſcurvy*. It is occaſioned by things of heterogeneous kind mixing with and corrupting

Let one pound of Cyprian Calcanthum be mixed with one pound of ſpring water: then let it be filtrated, and afterwards diſtilled through an alembic. Preſerve the water in a glaſs veſſel for uſe. Put one ounce of quick-ſilver in a crucible to the fire, and when it begins to be hot, add one ounce of the beſt gold leaf, and remove it from the fire. This being done, take of the beſt purified and melted lead, one pound, and with an iron inſtrument mix it well over the fire with the gold and quick-ſilver: and when all are thoroughly mixed, add, with the above water, one ounce of vitriol, and after cooling, you will have ſome of the beſt ſort of gold.——The lead is purified in this manner. Having melted the lead, pour it into and extinguiſh it in the ſtrongeſt vinegar: melt it over again, and pour it into the juice of the herb Chelidonia, or Celandine; afterwards into ſalt water: then in vinegar, with which Salt Ammoniac is mixed: laſtly, let it be poured into aſhes, always, as firſt, melting

rupting our blood. The fatal conſequences ſoon make their appearance. The active ſuppleneſs in the joints of the body flags, becomes torpid and ſluggiſh. In ſhort, our mind turns out *ſcurvy* like the body; all its acts have been *ſcurvy* for ſome years paſt, and will be *ſcurvy* till doomſday, unleſs ſomething like *balſam* of *gold*, corrects and amends our preſent

melting it over the fire; and it will be very well purified.

Take of purified lead one pound; of Salt Ammoniac pulverized, one ounce; of Salt Elebrot pounded, two drachms; of Salt-petre, reduced to powder, half an ounce: let all the ingredients be put into a crucible over a vehement fire during the ſpace of two hours: afterwards take off the crucible, and you will have pure gold.—— Salt Elebrot is thus prepared; Take of common ſalt purified, of Salt Gemmæ, or Rock-ſalt, of Salt Alcali, *ana*, one ounce: to which, being pounded, add of the juice of mint, of the juice of clove gilly-flowers, *ana*, two ounces; or ſpring water, two pounds: let them be all well mixed, and this ſalt will be made.

I could

preſent *leaden ſyſtem* by melting it down into a lighter form."

This orator's propoſal, with the illuſtration tacked to it, was mightily reliſhed, though I cannot ſay, it was ſo *nem. con.* However, purſuant, in a great meaſure, to the advice given, to which I may add, the indignation expreſſed by the far major part, of being almoſt cruſhed to death by the gravitation of their leaden habits, a bill was ſoon prepared, was paſſed, and received the royal aſſent, to qualify

I could make out other proceſſes for converting lead into gold, particularly from the authority and practice of Maſter Odomarus; but they are too intricate for common operators: none but true adepts can ſafely ſtand within the circle of their magic. As to the proceſſes for preparing potable gold, diaphoretic gold, balſam of gold, gold of life, or precipitate with gold, I ſhould with pleaſure communicate them, as they ſtand genuine in Paracelſus, or in the Excerpta from Paracelſus by Andernacus, were I not afraid to encourage Quacks to abuſe them by an unſeemly metamorphoſis into Cathartic Electuaries or Jeſuits Drops.

qualify the inhabitants of the planet of Saturn, " to convert as much of their lead as they could conveniently into gold." Now, what did all theſe learned ſpeeches debates, diſquiſitions, deliberations tend to? To no nothing more than to eſtabliſh the conjecture, that gold was better than lead. It was not to be doubted when it was once paſſed into a law. But how did the law-breakers, divided and ſubdivided into Judges, Serjeants, Barriſters, Counſellors, Atorneys, Sollicitors, Clerks, Pettifoggers, behave on this Occaſion? Every one of them had his own conjectures, and by conjecturing multifariouſly, ſome concerning the letter of the law, others the intention of the law-givers; ſome concerning the matter of right, others the matter of fact; there ſtarted up ſo many different ſtates of the queſtion, and theſe ſtates gave riſe to ſo many queries, and theſe queries ſhot up into ſo many diſputes, and theſe diſputes bred ſo many contentions, and theſe contentions

gave

gave vent to ſo much ill language, and this ill language produced ſo many blows; —that an honeſt-meaning perſon who imagined the law was plain enough in itſelf, was ſo puzzled and circumvented by quirks of chicanery, that he never knew when it was convenient for him to convert his lead into gold; and if he did, what quantity was neceſſary, with a multiplicity of clauſes about the quality, or true ſtandard for currency.—— What a nice thing conjecture is, that can thus dexterouſly pick holes in a law! It may juggle a man out of his property; but the misfortune is, he that is juggled, cannot barely conjecture himſelf to be ſo; he finds it matter of fact.

I ſhall ſay but little on the third diviſion of conjectural learning, which is Phyſic. Thoſe beſt verſed in the art, will acknowledge that it all hangs upon gueſswork. Diagnoſtics as well as prognoſtics have frequently made a fool of the judgment.

ment. The efficacy of certain medicines proved ſometimes by experience, fails, is poiſonous, brings on death, when the doctor has not gueſſed right at the patient's caſe, or ill proportions the quantity to the conſtitution. There are very good medicines for helping nature; but we little conſider what bungling conjectures are made about their application, or who it is that dubs himſelf an Æſculapius. If he rolls about in a gay chariot, no doubt, the ladies of quality, who like his jogging humour, will fancy, that to cure them of the Vapours, he can at any time jog Hypocrates and Radcliffe out of his head, and Galen and Boerhaave out of his fingers ends. Alas! the poor doctor can only wiſh within himſelf that his head was as happy in conjectures, and his fingers as expert in drawing out a wholeſome recipe.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

I Have run too great lengths, or indeed, out of my biaſs in the preceding Chapter, if it can properly be called a Chapter: for a Chapter, if we mind the acceptation of the word, is nothing elſe than a *Head*, which borrows a neck for its ſupport; and that neck a pair of ſhoulders and collar-bone, to connect and conſolidate the back-bone that runs from it; and if both afterwards can muſter up the other appurtenances of a trunk, and conclude in handſome thighs, legs and feet, or a decent tail; ſo much the better; the whole will be compleat, and not even a bone left for

for the Critics to pick. The reaſon of this is, that when there is a good head, trunk and limbs to a ſubject, there is a common tendency to preſerve it entire, at leaſt in the firſt and laſt: the head ſtanding centinel, gives warning of the Critic's approach; the hands deal terrible blows about their Sinciputs; the feet put the finiſhing ſtroke to the chaſtiſement, by kicking their backſides; and if there be a ſuperaddition of a tail, when they light any where like waſps, it ſerves to ſwitch them off. But the misfortune is, and it happens but too often, that a ſubject is propoſed, and when it comes to be handled, it proves in ſome hands ſo bungled a piece of work, that you know not what to call it: You cannot diſcern the leaſt ſcrap of head or tail to it.— Rough-handle it, cry the Critics; and well it may; ſo ſluggiſh a maſs muſt be deſtitute of weapons, either for defence or offence, unleſs it be that it cannot help offending by its deformity.

Here, I perceive the reader as much nauſeabund as I really am myſelf. He gapes a wide yawn, heaves up his noſe in wrinkles, coughs and hauks, ſtares about him; anon drowſineſs creeps upon his eyelids, and his head goes a nodding. Lo! he ſtarts, ſtares, yawns and nods again. All theſe revolutions he has undergone both in mind and body by ſympathizing with my ill humours:—the diſtemper is catching, and there is no Remedy for it but laughing as heartily as he can. But how ſhall he laugh? Can he himſelf diſplay as well to the ſatisfaction of others as his own, the riſible muſcles of his viſage? Has he within himſelf a fund of wit and humour at command to diſſipate the irkſomeneſs of this fit of oſcitation? If he cannot draw his jaws into all the directions of real, I mean, unforced cachinnation; will brandy, opium or laudanum keep him from melancholy madneſs? No; I aſſure him: the converſation of ſome choice ſpirits muſt do the

the buſineſs. Then let him herd with them; but let him take care that he falls into good hands. *Wh-ſi--ld*, *W-ſtl-y*, *F—te*, *Sh--t-r*, *Triſtram Shandy*, are all good hands: all exerciſe or ape the hiſtrionic art; and a hundred to one, but any one of them will very agreeably amuſe him with a ſtory, illuſtrated by ſuitable grimmace and geſticulation, and much in the taſte of the anecdotes, I ſhall endeavour to furniſh him with in the following Chapter of my renowned uncle *Dick*.

CHAP. VIII.

ALL hail renowned uncle *Dick!*— I juſtly call you renowned! becauſe if there was ever in the world a choice

ſpirit, a high flyer, an uncommon genius, an exquiſite fancier, a ſelf-taught philoſopher, you was a tip top one.—— Stand aloof ye prophane! it is not for unhallowed ſouls, for ſouls fixed on earth, time, and the fragility of human glory, that I am going to draw the outlines of my uncle *Dick*'s character; it is for ſouls, which can diſincumber themſelves as they liſt, of the union with their bodies, which can mount boldly on the wings of fancy, can ſoar like eagles to the ſun, and can enjoy their pleaſures and happineſs unenvyed.

My uncle *Dick*, as I told the Reader in the fourth Chapter, had the misfortune, in his very early youth, of contracting a large rupture in his *Scrotum*, which no operation of the chirurgical art could correct. If we weigh this affair exactly, I believe we ſhall have no reaſon to repute it a misfortune; for ſeveral learned phyſicians, who from time to time

time had conſidered his caſe, were of opinion, that the ſpirit deſtined for animating the matter of procreation, not being able to get admittance into its proper ducts, on account of the obſtruction which lay in its way, and which probably by a conſtant preſſure, had broke and diſlodged the texture of the parts, ſo as that the whole became a confuſed indigeſted bulk;—that this ſpirit, I ſay, not being able to deſcend, and afterwards upon occaſion to find *emiſſion* in the direction of a parabolical line, was forced by a reaction on itſelf and the meatus's it was percolated from, to aſcend and follow the direction of hyperbolical ejaculations;—ſo that this ſpirit, I ſay again, according to the opinion of theſe phyſicians, being impotent in regard to the begetting of children of fleſh and blood, after the manner of mankind; was potent for begetting children of the brain, and all in very good condition. What theſe children of the brain were, I need not tell

the ingenious Reader; he may eaſily gueſs at the modes and modifications of their exiſtence.

Now my uncle *Dick*, in conſequence of this ailment in his *Scrotum*, could not with decency be breeched, as other children, who ſhewed in them the tokens of virility. My grandfather and grandmother, to their great regret, were obliged to keep him in petticoats, and to perſuade him that he was a little girl. And indeed, he himſelf was ſo well convinced and ſatisfied of being of the female kind, that when any one with a malicious deſign of undeceiving him in his ſex, called him "my pretty boy," or, "maſter *Dicky*," he would readily reply, "No, I am a pretty girl, and my mama ſays that I am miſs *Dickey*, and not maſter," He played with dolls, and took great pleaſure in building them houſes, ornamenting their apartments with elegant furniture, and ſuperintending their lyings-

in

in and chriſtenings till he was near thirteen. In the mean time, and till he was turned of ſixteen, he learned all manner of needle-work. He was a good proficient in the ſcience, and you would ſay that few of our boarding-ſchool young ladies could excel him. Name any thing of women's craft, he could do it. He alſo was taught to dance; but was ſo awkard in courteſy-making and clean-ſtepping, and withal ſo hobbling in capering and ſhuffling, and croſs-legging, that the dancing-maſter at laſt found himſelf obliged in conſcience to diſcharge him from his care. If he was deficient in this one reſpect, more owing to—the gentle reader knows what, than to any want of ſenſe in his heels, he was ingenious to a conſummate degree in all other feminine accompliſhments. None could touch an inſtrument of muſic with ſuch graceful fingers; under them every note ſwelled into melody; and were it his inclination to practiſe an organ, harpſichord, or fiddle, it

would be a hard matter to find his equal; but a hankering deſire to blow a blaſt, as he called it, upon the hautboy, or fife, or bagpipe, put all other inſtruments out of his head. In vain my grandmother often expoſtulated with him to ſet them aſide as too boyiſh: for his part, he thought the muſic bold, and the only fit for raiſing the ſpirits.

In ſhort, what with hemming, ſewing, felling, ſtitching, croſs-ſtitching, back-ſtitching, quilting, carding, ſpinning, reeling, knitting, weaving; clear-ſtarching, waſhing, ironing; brewing, baking; ſalting, pickling, preſerving, jellying; tart-making, pye-making, cuſtard-making, pudding-making, dumpling-making; beſides an infinity of other articles too tedious to be mentioned, my uncle *Dick* was my grandmother's right-hand woman, executing himſelf in perſon till he was full ſeventeen years of age, punctually and ingeniouſly, all theſe offices, or giving

giving directions to others for their execution.— How he ſuddenly left off theſe female practices, and by what untoward accident, you ſhall hear.

It was, it ſeems his birth-day, he being then, as I hinted, full ſeventeen years of age. In order, to receive with greater decorum the congratulations of the family, and ſome accuſtomed viſitants, he had dreſſed himſelf in a new gay *Pet-en-l'air*, an elbow hoop-petticoat, and a Paris-cap; all parts, where requiſite, being illuſtrated with ribbon of a new pattern. He looked florid and charming; any Inamorato of the pariſh would be glad to receive the favour of a kiſs from him. With this mien and garb, he poſted away in queſt of *Margery*, the cook-maid, to give her a memorandum of ſome material points in the bill of fare for dinner, which remained unſettled the night before. *Margery* was in her chamber, cleaning herſelf. She was as ſhe came

came into the world, and but juſt beginning to draw on a ſtocking, ſitting upon the ſide of her bed, fronting the door, which was only upon the latch. My uncle *Dick* unceremoniouſly bolts in. *Margery* continued undaunted in the ſame attitude. Like, ſhe thought, need not be aſhamed to be ſeen by like; and indeed, ſhe never before knew that my uncle *Dick* was otherwiſe than her like. Shall I ſpeak out, or be ſilent? The object was ſuperlatively alarming. A view, not leſs diſtinct than a microſcopic view of the *intima penetralia* of the goddeſs *Bona*, *percuſſit illico animum*; that is, he ſaw and was confounded. The memorandums of the bill of fare were quite forgot; neither, had he remembered them, could his tongue give them utterance. Away he went, biting his nails, and dreading perhaps a more profound initiation in myſteries it was ſcarce ſafe to have only a glimpſe of: however, he had reconnoitred enough to convince him that his

his loins had no right to be girded about with petticoats, unleſs it became faſhionable for men to wear them, on ceding the whole property of the breeches to women.

Coolneſs begets reflection, reflection fixes reſolution. My uncle *Dick* had now ſequeſtered himſelf in a cloſet. The hurricane in his ſpirits raiſed by the objective forms of *Margery*'s *forma informans*, was almoſt blown over. The paſſing worth of the maſculine gender over that of the feminine, was ſtated and re-ſtated by him. His pretenſions bade fair for the former, whilſt upon examination there was nothing ſignificative of the latter; no, not even a veſtige found. But why he was made to wear petticoats, and to believe himſelf a female, the thought was puzzling, and wanted an ecclairciſſement, which the ranſacking of all his wits, could not make out. The reſolution notwithſtanding was taken to diveſt himſelf entirely of

the woman, both as to her commodes and the functions ſhe is uſually converſant in; and to put on man, not only by appearing in the apparel expreſſive of man, but to think and act as man.

The queſtion now was how to execute what he had reſolved; he was not long at a loſs; a ſuit of his brother's cloths (the ſame who in proceſs of time became my father, and was only about a year and a half older) he fancied would well enough fit him for the preſent. Hereupon he ſallied forth from his cloſet, compoſing his countenance, that he might not betray the leaſt emotion, and went directly to his brother's chamber. Here he was diſappointed; the door was locked, and upon enquiry was told, that his brother had taken a ride out and would not be at home till dinner. Any of his father's cloths were quite too large for him; yet rather than protract his deſires of getting rid of his ſmock, hoop, *Pet-en-l'air* and cap,

cap, he went firſt to a drawer, of which he kept the keys, and took out one of his brother's ſhirts and cravats: next he repaired to his father's wardrobe, and made choice for his attire of a buckſkin pair of breeches, a blue ſilk waiſtcoat, a ſcarlet cloak, a gold-laced hat, and a ſmall ſword and hanger, he found with their belts and ſcabbards. All theſe he conveyed under his petticoats to his own chamber. The door he ſecured by lock and bolt, and off firſt comes the hoop with contempt. As he was ſtepping out and trampling upon it, he eſpied his piquet, high-heeled ſhoes: the uppers were of blue paduaſoy, laced with ſilver. "Oddzucks, ſays he, they will never do; I may as well wear no breeches as keep on theſe baubles; miſs would be ſtill miſs, if ſhe had a bit of miſs about her." With theſe words the deſpiſed hoop was ſlipt on again. Down he went to the kitchen; not one pair of men's ſhoes of a tolerably moderate ſize to be found. How

muſt

muſt the perplexity be got over? At laſt he had recollected that he had ſeen a pair of jack-boots hanging in the wardrobe, with huge ſpurs affixed to them. "That is the very thing, ſaid he; I ſhall look gallant and bold like a general of cavalry." In fine, every article of the apparatus was accommodated to its proper place; the width, it is true, was ill-proportioned to a ſlender young gentleman, but it pleaſed my uncle *Dick*, becauſe it made a man of him.

Having happily completed his equipment, without the intruſion of any buſy face to diſconcert his meaſures, the pride of ſhewing all about the houſe the metamorphoſis he had wrought in himſelf from womanhood, prompted him to come forth: Three times he unlocked and unbolted his chamber door for that purpoſe, three times a ſubruſtic ſhame compelled him to lock and bolt it again. Shame had the aſcendant, and if it was not ſubruſtic

it

it may well be compared to the ſhame deſcribed by Pliny in the peacock, which on * loſing its tail; was eager to find a hiding hole. My uncle *Dick*, it is certain, had no great reaſon to regret the loſs of his tail; but as uſe makes a bold face, he could not help looking ſhy to ſee his poſteriors curtailed of it. However, at all events, he reſolved not to anticipate himſelf the laughter of the family, but to ſtand patiently the brunt of it, when he could no longer prevent the diſcovery of the revolution in his ſex.

A long half hour elapſed, whilſt by turns he ſtood, and ſat, and walked, gazing, admiring, and muſing upon his trim. It was high time to have dinner fully regulated, and *Margery*, as blythe as a primroſe, having deſcended to the kitchen in her holiday geers, was in a hurry about her coquinary manœuvres; yet could not proceed in them, for want of final

* *Pudibundus, amiſſa cauſâ, quærit latebram.*

final inſtructions. Miſs *Dicky* was ſought for in all her haunts, the houſe reſounded from top to bottom with the name of miſs *Dicky*; no miſs *Dicky* was found, no miſs *Dicky* anſwered. "Lord bleſs me! (ſays old Mrs. *Montfichet*, my grandmother) what's become of the girl? How could ſhe thus leave things at ſixes and ſevens?—A deal of company every moment expected, and the victuals that ſhould be dreſſed for them locked up in the pantry." Whilſt ſhe ſtill continued conferring with ſome of the ſervants what was beſt to be done, my grandfather entered, commanding peace, and aſking the reaſon of all the halloboloo he had heard in the houſe. *Margery*, the cookmaid, out of breath, cloſe followed him. "Oh lack! madam, (ſaid ſhe) it was God's mercy, that I had not my eye poked out. —I was up at miſs *Dicky*'s room to call her, and hearing ſomething ruſtle about within, I peeped through the key-hole, and could you think it, ſomething at

firſt like the point of a ſword was within an aim's ace of running into my eye. I ſaw it, as ſure as you are there, ſtirring about. There was beſides, a great ſlit toward the bottom of the door, and kneeling down, thinking to ſee better there, out comes more than half of the Sword, and before I could fall back out of its reach,—ſee there! what holes it has made quite through and through my apron, petticoats,——aye, faith! madam, and pricked me a little in the bottom of my belly."

This tale of Mrs. *Margery*, which ſeemed aggravated in its circumſtances by her rueful face, ſtruck the auditory with horrour. Some conjectured this, others that, and the major part concluded that the houſe was haunted;—"yes, (ſays my grandmother, diſcharging a ſucceſſive volley of ſighs, puffs, and pants, uſhered in by a wringing of her hands, and a ſee-ſawing of her head and body before and

behind) and they ſay that a day-ſpirit is worſe than all . . . . The Lord have mercy upon us!—— here, *Betty* . . . . run to the corner-cupboard in next room . . for the cordial . . . dram . . bottle . . . . I am ready to ſink . . . . faint . . . . good God! what ſhall become of us?"—" What the devil of a hubbub is this? (cries my grandfather, clenching and agitating his fiſts, with a few alternate ſtamps of his feet on the floor) a mighty pother indeed, and all about what? About noon-day demons, ſprights, and hobgoblins turning fencing-maſters, and ſhewing *Margery* the art of puſhing home flanconades.——Come all away: I'll ſoon unhaunt the houſe, I warrant ye: inſtead of a ſhadow you ſhall feel fleſh and bones."

Theſe words refreſhed their hearts, with a more robuſt way of thinking, eſpecially after my grandmother had half compoſed the frightful ſpectre within her by a doſe of

of good ratafia, and the reſt had made pretty free with the ſame or ſome other cordial. However, as ſtill believing or pretending a cauſe of terror, they ſneaked after my grandfather with timid ſteps. Like a bold exorciſt, but without the previous ceremony of faſting or prayer, he raps at Miſs *Dicky*'s door, and commands the ſpirit to come forth.

The door ſeemed to fly open of its own accord; this was terrible! nothing ſtirred; more and more terrible! my grandfather entered and nothing appeared; moſt terrible of all!—Theſe were the remarks on the nature and demeanour of ſpirits made by the women, whilſt they ſtood at a diſtance knocking their knees in a cold ague-fit.—In ſhort, my grandfather ſtill kept buſtling about the room, and looking behind the curtains; but the moment he ſtooped down to examine under the bed, out ſtruts my uncle *Dick* from behind the door, a place not in the leaſt ſuſpected,

and immediately falls upon the band of females with ſword in hand, particularly *Margery* the cook-maid, whom he tilted and ſweated to ſome purpoſe. The reboation of their ſhrieks played ſo briſkly upon the drum of every ear that could hear fifty yards off, that the great watch dog in the yard was ſet a barking. Scarce ever was noiſe, or racket, or hurly-burly equal to this, at leaſt conſidering the number of perſons; ſo that if you pleaſe, tho' I muſt ſtill ſay in miniature, you may reckon it analogous to the *fracas* the Cyclops made in mount Ætna, when they received peremptory orders from heaven to forge two or three dozen of thunderbolts, which ſulky Jupiter deſigned to pelt at the heads of as many ſaucy miniſters of ſtate.—It may not be amiſs to give here the gentle reader an idea of this clatter, which I cannot do better than in the words of an old Engliſh poet. He calls his piece, "the deſcription of Liparen," and ſays it was long before his time, "expreſſed by

by Virgil in the eight booke of his Æneis, in which place, the poet played, as it weare, his price, by aduauncing at ful thee loftines of his veyne: done into Engliſh by the tranſlatour for his laſt farewel too the ſayd Virgil."

Tw'ard *Sicil* is ſeated, to the welken loftily peaking,
A ſoyl, ycleapt *Liparen*, from whence, with flownce furye ſlinging,
Stoans, and burlye bulets, like tamponds, maynelye be towring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be ſcorching
Of Cyclopan toſters, with rent rocks chamferye ſharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
Theare ſtroaks ſtronglye threſhing, yawl furth groans, ſtamped on anuyl.
In the den are drumming gads of ſteele, parchfulye ſparckling;
And flam's fierclye glowing from fornace flaſhye be whiſking.
In this caue the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked, ar hamring,

Brontes, and *Steropes*, with baerlym ſwartye *Pyracmon*.

Theeſe thre were upbotching, not ſhapte, but partlye wel onward,

A clapping fierbolt (ſuch as oft, with rownce robel hobble,

Joue to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finniſhed holye.

Three ſhowrs wringlye wrythen glimring, and forciblye ſowcing;

Three watrie clowds ſhymring toe the craft they rampired hizzing,

Three wheru's fierd glyſtring, with ſouthwynds ruffiered huffling.

Gow doe they rayſe gaſtly lightnings, now griſlye reboundings

Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agryſing:

With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack ſturdilye thundring.

Theyre labor hoat they ſolow. . . . . .

And ſo was my uncle *Dick*, hot at work, and following hot his labour of pinking the women, when my grandfather came up ſlily and tripped up his heels. The ſpirit was laid flat on his back, and by

by the ſuperincumbent weight of my grandfather, was unable to riſe again.—"Dear me! it is Miſs *Dicky*, ſaid one.—By my faith! it is, ſaid another.—Marry! it is her noſe, ſaid another; (for uncle *Dick* had a noſe bordering upon the aquiline order, and as crooked as king Will's).—I warrant ye it can be nobody elſe, ſaid another.——By lady! ſaid my grandmother, (having fumbled on her ſpectacles to take a peep) it is the ſaucy jade: lack-a-day! how glad I am that my fright's over.—Oddſbuddikins! ſaid my grandfather, *Dicky*! what pranks are theſe you have played? One would think you was ready to ride poſt to the carnival at Venice. Pray tell us, how came this change about?"——My uncle *Dick* bore with a ſaint-eyed patience all their curious looks and interrogatories; not one word did he reply, or motion of uneaſineſs did he make; and it was not till they all promiſed to hear him with ſilence and attention, that he told them of the cognizance

he had taken of *Margery*'s *what-d'ye-call-it*, and how he found after mature reflection on the nature, ſituation, produce, boundaries and extent of the premiſes on both ſides of the queſtion, that there was as much difference between them, as between a gander and a calf's muzzle; between a burnt hole in a blanket, and the heater of a box-iron, which may have ſlipt out and burnt it; between a conical plumb-pudding, and the queer aperture in a thornback; between a concert-flute, and the firſt cut made in an apple-dumpling; between an alderman's great toe, and his ſpouſe's hand-muff; between a ſtateſman's honour in a ſtate of proſtitution, and the ſtopple of a ſmoaking-pipe; between a b——'s l—n-ſleeves, and the long train of charities they are diſtended with; between a pair of bagpipes, and a flounder; between a may-pole, and a hedge-hog near half open; between an elephant's tooth, and a muſcle; between the national debt, and the ſinking fund;

between

between the avarice of a Dutchman, and the main-maſt of a firſt-rate man of war; between the laſt revolution in Turkey, and Belzebub's cloven foot; between a woodcock's bill, and a mortar-piece; between a lord's noſe in waiting, and a dutcheſs's pot of perfumes; between the attraction of a courtier's fair promiſes, and the immenſe *vacuum* beyond the limits of this world; between the French king's flower-de-luces, and the eau-de-luce of his depicted *catins*; between the continental connections with Saturn's ring, and the back door they were thruſt in by; between the patriotic hearts of B———h ſenators, and the abyſs of bribery and corruption they have declined tumbling into; between the devil's tail, and the bottomleſs pit;——"Hey-day!" cried out my grandfather, with a moſt obſtreperous tone of voice, "what the devil of a rigmarole is this?"——"*Oyez! oyez!* all manner of perſons," (cried out alſo my uncle *Dick*, dilating his jaws into the utmoſt

moſt vociferation, and toſſing about his arms with as much muſcular inſpiration in them as doctor W———d could ever boaſt of)—" Pray father! pray mother! pray every one of you! did not you promiſe me ſilence and attention? and ſtill you have a mind to overwhelm me with an inundation of interruptions. Well then, ſince you muſt interrupt, give me leave at leaſt to cut my ſtory ſhort, and to tell you in one ſentence, that finding ſuch *fundamental* points of difference between me and *Margery*, I thought proper to breech myſelf."

" I can't blame you, (replied my grandfather)—— I never knew a man that wiſhed to be a woman, but I often heard women wiſh to be men; and I believe this is the reaſon why ſome women are ſo fond of contending for the prerogatives of the breeches.——— Aye, now I remember the ſtory *Ovid* tells us about the prophet *Tireſias*. As his worſhip knew the diſtinction

tinction of metaphifical degrees in both ſexes, *Jupiter* and *Juno* referred to his deciſion their notions of *le plus haut goût* of bed glee." - Here my grandmother bluſhed, with "a fie, fie, and fie upon it, Mr. *Montfichet*," and that the weak ſiſterhood I mean, her ſervant maids, ſhould not be ſcandalized, or their hearts corrupted with profligate thoughts, ſhe bade the idle baggages go all about their buſineſs.—The coaſt now clear from their ſtaring and gaping, "ah poor *Dick*! (ſaid my grandfather) how often have I lamented your remaining in petticoats? Your mother would have it ſo; and women, you know, will have their way."—"It was no way of mine, (ſaid my grandmother pertly interrupting him) you came into it, the moment I propoſed it." . . . "Patience wife! one minute, (ſaid my grandfather, waving his hand) and let me ſpeak.—Son *Dick*! hear me, and mind what I ſay.———A rupture appeared in your *ſcrotum*,——*ſcrotum* is an anatomical term, child;

child ; which you may one of theſe days know the meaning of, if you do not already.—A rupture, do you apprehend me ?—A rupture is a thing—pho ! I need not trouble my head now about explaining it to you."—" Dear me ! (ſaid my grandmother, making a violent rupture in the thread of his diſcourſe) what a gooſe-cap you are, and what a wild gooſe-chace you are going to lead us !—let me tell him ; yes, and I will tell him ; you ſha'nt tell him a ſyllable about it ; you keep ſuch a fumbling and groping in the dark.—— Why *Dicky* ! when you was two years old, a ſwelling came in your t————s, and ever ſince it has grown bigger and bigger."—" Harkee ! (ſaid my grandfather, breaking alſo the thread of her diſcourſe, with a very ſerious air) you ſhould tell him firſt what t————s are ; ſecondly, the uſe nature intended them for ; and thirdly, how, in a good condition, whole and entire, they are the only characteriſtics of virility."——

" Piſh

« Piſh ! there's a wiſeacre for you! (replied my grandmother, hooting and clapping her hands)—I warrant ye, the leſſon is ſoon had at the finger's ends.—Come along with me, *Dicky*! I'll tutor you.--never mind your father's croſs purpoſes."--« He muſt mind me, and ſo muſt you, (cried my grandfather angrily ;) ---what, am I not the man of the houſe, the maſter of the family ?"——My grandmother was not wanting to plead in return, her prerogative of woman, and miſtreſs of the houſe ; in fine, the wrangle was ſpun out a long half hour, and my uncle *Dick*'s information, how he came to be kept ſo long in petticoats, not a whit more forwarded, till at laſt my grandfather was obliged to lend a deaf ear, and then, and not till then, my grandmother ſhewed ſufficient reaſons for pucellizing him ;—— telling him over and above, that as that day was his birth-day, ſhe had herſelf taken care, unknown to his father, to render

render it more ſolemn, by providing for him a manly habit; that the down already appearing on his upper lip and chin, gave her the hint of not protracting his transformation till his next birth-day; for a bearded young woman muſt be ſomething both odious and monſtrous; that a ſailor's dreſs, ſhe was convinced, would become him beſt, upon account of the conveniency of looſe breeches to hide all deformities, that is, of a pair of drawers underneath, and a ſhort petticoat to reach below his knees; that ſhe wiſhed him well to wear; and that ſhe expected, ere long, to ſee him an admiral.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

I Thought in one Chapter of reaſonable length to finiſh the general idea I intended to give of my uncle *Dick*; but my memorandums were too many, either to forget, or to paſs them over ſlightly. Indeed, the occurrences of the firſt part of his life are a mere *bagatelle*, and the intelligent Reader will judge them to be as unintereſting as I do myſelf; for if he had but an inkling of my taſte, he would perceive it to be more refined than double refined ſugar, or above proof, in flavour and quality like an excellent ſpirit. He would therefore indulge me ſo far as to firmly believe, that I hate nonſenſe more than

than he does himſelf, and that I would gladly diſcard it from my pen, were it not the faſhion to be nonſenſical. A perſon out of the faſhion may as well be out of the world; ſo the ladies of quality think. Beſides, as I have undertaken, at the ſollicitation of many great lords of this land, both ſpiritual and temporal, including all the ducheſſes, counteſſes and baronneſſes, any way conſpicuous for exemplary lives, to write for their pleaſure and profit, my own *Life* and *Opinions*, interlaced and concatenated with ſome ſtriking incidents that deſerved to reſcue from oblivion a good portion of the *Lives* and *Opinions* of my illuſtrious progenitors,— I preſumed, it was incumbent on me, as a faithful hiſtorian, whoſe face, one of theſe days, ſhould not be made to bluſh for a miſrepreſentation of facts, to deliver every thought, word and deed, as they primitively exiſted amidſt the graces of unaffected ſimplicity. 'Tis true, I have endeavoured, when the thing

was

was too unſeemly, to throw over it the veil of diſcretion. The ſame endeavour I ſhall alſo uſe for the future; for I hate the language of *Billingſgate*, though its conſtitution, genius and idioms are conſtructed on the radical appellations, our forefathers agreed among themſelves by a ſolemn compact, to affix to their ideas.

Long live therefore the *clean Callico wrapper* for things our depravity makes us aſhamed of! The French may boaſt, for the ſame reaſon, of the *bienſeance* of their *double entendre*, and cry *vivat* to it! The modeſt virgin finds it a preſervative againſt the glow of bluſhes; at leaſt, her appearing cool and unalarmed, is an apology, that ſhe does not underſtand the *ſecond intention* metaphyſicians aſcribe to it. The ſqueamiſh prude has a heart firm and undaunted, to bear up againſt the ſhock it may ſurprize her with. The grave matron already experienced in, or in the habit of experiencing the effects of connu-

bial affections, reputes it nothing more than a refinement upon nature, or the groſs ideas of the vulgar expreſſed with delicacy. The miniſter of ſtate, privy-counſellor, and judge, far from being of opinion that it is treaſonable, or of a ſelf-tendency to diſturb the peace of his majeſty's loyal and faithful ſubjects, conſider it in the light of a pure recreation of the mind, and as ſuch adopt it themſelves with an exquiſite *goût*, whenever they can unbend their application from buſineſs. The archbiſhop and biſhop, notwithſtanding the exterior auſterity of manners they require from themſelves, and the interior auſterity required in them by others, regard it as an ingenious device, which occaſional cauſes ſometimes render neceſſary; they even can crack a joke in this way themſelves, and yet, like Adam in the ſtate of innocence, feel not, if you believe them, the leaſt motion of concupiſcence. The parſon, whether he utters it himſelf, or hears it uttered, is always

alert

alert and gay; ſatisfaction gliſtens in his eyes till it begets a leer, and his ſimpering mouth leaves you to gueſs at an object that can warm his heart as well as October and Tobacco. I need not mention how the phyſician ſtands affected on this topic, it being well known that the indagation of nature is the aim of all his ſtudies; ſo that when he has explored all her depths, we cannot be ſurpriſed that he has the face to recommend to his patients a regimen for preſerving in a due tone their erector muſcles, whether riſible or ſubriſible.

From the premiſes it will be inferred by the managers of his majeſty's theatres, that I am a fautor of lax morality. Be it ſo; but how will theſe gentlemen make good the charge againſt me? 'Tis true, my grandfather was a little looſe in his expreſſions; yet fancied no harm in it: my father thought it a matter of indifference, whether we ſhould ſignify things

by the terms of the original contract, or by the fitneſs of near, or remote analogy, as either might beſt ſerve to enrich our language. My uncle *Dick* was very deciſive in this point, often affirming with great earneſtneſs, that it was an abſurdity not to be vindicated by any plauſible pretext, to ſham Abraham, or cheat the devil, as they call it, by ſpecifying certain things and acts by any names but their own. His reaſon was, that though man is corrupt, and inclined to corruption, ever ſince the tranſgreſſion of our firſt parents; yet he ſhould ſtrive with might and main to appear as if Adam had never ſinned in him. Hence the language that prevailed in the ſtate of innocence, in Paradiſe, in the golden age, ought to be uſed by him preferably to the Periphraſis, the Metaphor, the Allegory, the Apoſiopeſis, the Catachreſis, all inventions of men, deſigned for palliating their arch tricks in the ſtate or wickedneſs, in the indulgence of illicit pleaſure,

in the iron age of criminal correſpondence. A child, ſaid he, is aſhamed of nothing, till his mama or governeſs chides and tells him it is a pawpaw word, a naughty thing; but would it not be better for us to be always as children, ſpeaking and acting according to innocent nature, and not according to the ſophiſtications which muſt perpetually put us in mind that nature is not genuine?—— I ſhould be partial, becauſe theſe are the opinions of my grandfather, father and uncle *Dick*, were I to prefer them to the opinions of others on the ſame ſubject,—a ſubject, which ſeems to require a very nice diſcuſſion. If man is rational, let him act the rational part. This cannot be better done than by removing the infatuation of prejudice from his judgment, eſpecially the traditionary ſort, which flatters, and courts, and wins the predilection of many, as being handed down from father to ſon. In this point of view therefore I make bold to cenſure all that

the moſt rigid moraliſt can find amiſs in theſe tickliſh opinions of my grandfather, father and uncle *Dick*; and here are my reaſons, without further apologizing for this act of degeneracy.

I allow with my uncle *Dick*, that it were beſt to ſpeak the language of the golden age, if it could now be ſpoken conſiſtently with integrity of heart and purity of intention. It is evident it cannot. So ſoon as a word is hazarded, to which a complete idea of naſtineſs is annexed, the intention is immediately conſidered, and if found to denote depraved affections in the ſpeaker, and to excite the ſame in the hearer, nothing can be offered in juſtification of the perſon, that ſo hazards it. A word not conveying a like complete idea of naſtineſs, but only an acceſſory one, ſuch as the *double entendre*, is equally not juſtifiable, when the intention is bad: ſo that the intention, which is eaſily known, muſt be the teſt of all words

words in this kind. They are indeed good in themſelves, becauſe nothing natural is vicious, becauſe nothing ſignified by analogy can be found fault with; but when once malice has appeared to have corrupted the heart, their uſe with a ſiniſter intention cannot be free from the imputation of offence.

However, it will be doubted by the ſerious, who may in their leiſure hours be tempted to weigh minutely the merit of certain words, whether this queſtion can be decided by all the divinity and law in his majeſty's dominions. Many and warm muſt be the debates concerning the *Letter* and the *Intention*, particularly the Intention, as our divines make no account of it, either in ſaying or doing. This I can illuſtrate by an example. An eminent D. D. of the church of E——d, once in diſcourſe with my father, exclaimed bitterly againſt the church of R—m for requiring an intention from her Clergy in

the due diſcharge of all their eccleſiaſtical functions. " Why this intention of the church (ſaid he) why is it enforced as an abſolute condition? I think it one of the greateſt abſurdities in the world." My father very ſhrewdly anſwered: " Pray, reverend ſir, can you preach a ſermon, without intending to preach?"—— The parſon quite diſconcerted, turned upon his heel, and ſneaked off in the ſolemn pace and ſilence of an Areopagite.

What a pretty thing it is to be able to retort abſurdities! No Gordian knot can keep firm in its intricacies againſt the keen edge of ſuch a ſword.— But I have ſaid nothing yet of the licentiouſneſs of authors, who often ſtand arraigned as debauchers of the chaſte and modeſt world by their writings. Again the *Intention* ſtarts up as a truth-telling witneſs; it will ſurely either acquit or condemn the author. However, it muſt be conſidered, that if the author in expoſing the foibles

of

of mankind, finds it neceſſary to deſcant upon the inſide as well as outſide of the incongruities he diſcovers in theſe foibles, as being unnatural, baſe in their tendency, impolite, unpolitical, or any way notorious for petulancy,— he is no more to be ſtigmatized with obloquy, or giving oblique deſcriptive hints of them, than the ſpirited preacher is for exerciſing with a nervous arm the evangelical laſh upon the naked back of vice. Yet I would have the author wear ſome lace, fringe or embroidery, that he might not appear plain and homely, as *Juvenal.* The ladies undoubtedly, will here join me in opinion. They love ſomething ſpruce, and gay, and brilliant. The rank clown with his clumſey hops on the trite turf, can never chequer their fancies with a like exuberance of delectable curioſity.

If my uncle *Dick*, immediately after he had diſrobed his anteriors and poſteriors of petticoats, was ſo tenacious of his

his own opinions; in a word, of his own way of thinking and ſpeaking, that the preſence of very reſpectable perſons, ſuch as his mother, my lord biſhop, or a court lady, could not bridle his tongue againſt telling them, in caſe the leaſt ambiguity was perceptible in their diſcourſe, that they meant ſo, and ſo, and ſo, and ſo; —if, I ſay, he was ſo tenacious of the *pacta conventa* between the ancient modellers of our language, and if withal he was ſo unfortunate by taking up folks ſhort with his meanings, that many a harmleſs lady had been brought to a burning ſhame and confuſion by him.—I muſt notwithſtanding, do this juſtice to his memory, that I can with a ſafe conſcience exculpate him from any untoward affection of mind, or ill intention. He was as chaſte as *Diana*, or rather, as inſenſible of all amourous parley or intercourſe, as the wife of ſnow St. *Francis* of *Aſſiſium* made for himſelf; ſo that I verily believe he carried his maidenhead with him to the grave.

grave. This cool and compoſed nature in him might, very probably, ariſe from the indiſpoſition in his *Scrotum*, though ſome phyſicians think not: perhaps rather, it was from a ſort of averſion he conceived for womankind; and for no other reaſon, as I could ever learn, than being detained ſo long in petticoats, when his indications of manhood ought to have made good more early in life his pretenſions to the breeches.—— But it is worth the Reader's while to know the ſecond part of my uncle *Dick*'s general hiſtory, which, I now can promiſe him, ſhall be entire and uninterrupted in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

GREAT was the joy of my uncle *Dick* when he ſaw himſelf inveſted with the arbitrary *inſignia* of virility by the hands of my grandmother. No knight elect of the moſt honourable order of the Garter, could go through the ceremonies of his inſtallment with more alacrity. The houſe rung with congratulations, though not without ſome ſarcaſtic ſneers of the ſervant maids, particularly of *Margery*, the cook, who importuned him to produce his authorities for wearing the breeches. A *Quo Warranto* of this extraordinary nature brought againſt him, was attended with no effect. His ſingular

lar modeſty waved the temptation to put in his plea; but he vowed to have his revenge of *Margery*, by ſingeing ſome time or other her *Parentheſis*, whoſe interpoſition, beſides being the moving cauſe that gave him a reliſh for tranſmuting his ſpecies, would alſo by ſuch a *feu de joye*, be a ſtanding remembrancer to him of what had happened.

The family's friends and relations, who aſſembled to celebrate this remarkable birth-day, were unanimous in approving my grandmother's fancy of the ſeaman's garb. My uncle *Dick* himſelf had no objections to it, and ſaid he would with all his heart continue in the ſame faſhion to the day of his death; but that he had no deſire of being an admiral, or commodore, or captain in his majeſty's fleet; a ſnug tenement on *terra firma*, ſuiting better his inclination for the peace of life, than being toſſed about in a frail veſſel on boiſtrous ſeas, and terrified with the roaring

ing of cannon about his ears. As for preſſing him into the ſervice, he believed no brother tar would attempt it; and if it ſo happened, the ſhip's ſurgeon on inſpecting his caſe, would immediately procure his diſcharge.

The next morning, when ſleep had allayed all the buſtle of the natal feſtivity, except the bare remembrance of it, and the head-achs thoſe complained of who had drank too liberally on the ſtrength of it, my uncle *Dick* aroſe, full of thought, how he ſhould occupy himſelf in a manner worthy of his new acquired manhood. I call it newly acquired, becauſe, though it pre-exiſted in him, he was not ſenſible of its being ſo till then.—— After a ſhort alternation of thought, he reſolved to dip into all arts and ſciences, and to make himſelf maſter of ſuch as his genius might have a predilection for as favourites. It would, he fancied, be required of him, as his dreſs ſhewed the ſeafaring man, to do

do ſomething for improving the art of navigation. And indeed, he laboured in this point with great diligence a good part of his life. We are indebted to him for ſome excellent models, which, if carefully imitated, will be ſufficient to prevent all miſtakes in ſhip-building; for the moſt accurate manœuvre, or working of ſhips in obliquity; for making more unerring the mariner's compaſs by the invention of the artificial magnet, ſpecimens of which may be ſtill ſeen among the curioſities of Sir *Hans Sloane*'s collections in the Britiſh Muſeum; for ſeveral very ingenious proceſſes, in order to facilitate the diſcovery of the Longitude and perpetual Motion; but this diſcovery, which has puzzled ſo many able mathematicians, he was often heard to ſay, would rather be the reſult of chance by ſome lucky hit, than owing to the reſearches of the induſtrious adventurer; an inſtance of which he further alledged, could be produced in himſelf: for one night in bed, whether

ther aſleep or awake, he was not certain; but the longitude appeared to him as plain as the noſe on his face, quite eaſy and intelligible like a hornbook to any Doctor of Divinity, and as tractable as any wife during the honey-moon. He applauded himſelf more than *Pythagoras* could do on finding the ſquare of the Hypothenuſe equal to the ſquare of the two ſides. In fine, to recall and fix the idea of his dear longitude, when the light of the morn opened his eyes, he ſtruggled in vain.— "May be, ſaid he, I ſhall remember how it was, if I lie flat on my back, and ſuppoſe to myſelf that I am looking through, like a buſy ſtar-gazer, a teleſcope indefinitely long, to take an exact obſervation of the Southern eye of the Bull. This dorſal incubation, after ſome time ſpent in it, by the two great preſſure of the *cerebrum* upon the *cerebellum*, flagged to ſuch a degree his powers of reminiſcence, that beſides wearing down what veſtiges there might be of the longitude in his brain,

brain, he had juſt reaſon to apprehend a fit of the apoplexy.— To divert, therefore, the threats of this fatal diſorder from his capital part, by a gentle evolution, he planted himſelf on his belly, his elbows ſupporting him, and facilitating a ſemi-erection of his eyes towards the teſter of the bed. "Come, Longitude! (cried he) come, O come! let me now contemplate your celeſtial aſpect, that being well acquainted with its features, I may charm the lords of the Admiralty with the deſcription of them.—— Stay;— how many thouſand pounds ſterling am I to get by you?"—— Whilſt he was recollecting how much the propoſed premium for the diſcovery of the longitude was, having poſtponed the ſight he had a certain expectance of from his invitation,— his elbows began to ache; he felt a pain in his neck, and another in the ſmall of his back;— in a word, the ventral proſtration was as uneaſy as it was indecent; it bent the ſoul upon the earth

like that of a brute; it did not ſuit the ſupple play of his organs for exerting nice ſpeculations.— Angry with himſelf he turns briſkly upon his left ſide, ſaying, "Well, now or never, Mrs. Longitude; pray, did not I ferret you laſt night out of your lurking hole, and did not I afterwards, beſides taking your exact dimenſions, ſurvey minutely all your attitudes? All this I did, without having recourſe to the firſt meridian in one of the Azores; without obſerving Jupiter's Satellites from a marine chair; without conſulting the Moon *, whether ſhe had any influence over your conſtitution; without conſtructing a mariner's compaſs of ten feet diameter.— He ſcarce had gone through theſe interrogatorial expoſtulations, when he bethought himſelf that lying on the left ſide, was one of the unwholeſome ways adviſed againſt by phy-

* It is on the exact knowledge of the motions of the moon, that the moſt reaſonable hopes of diſcovering the longitude at ſea ſeem founded.

phyſicians; — for ſome of them have taken great pains to aſſure us, that the liver and lungs hanging from the right ſide, fall plumb upon the heart when we lie upon the left ſide, and their center of gravity, very burdenſome and oppreſſive, bearing down upon the elaſtic ſpring of the veſſels of the heart, muſt in a great meaſure impede the circulation of the blood, if not put a ſtop to it, when ſuffered to continue too long in the ſame ſituation without ſhifting it elſewhere. — This was enough for him to decline the meditation on his left ſide: a free circulation of his blood was highly neceſſary to his deſign, becauſe it could not fail to beget a copious flow of good ſpirits. — Turn then he muſt on his right ſide. What doctor of the faculty could diſpute with him the ſalubrity of ſo commodious a poſition? He tucked the bed-cloths under his ſhoulder, and ſhutting his left eye, and cocking his right eye to a hole of perfect perforation, formed every one

knows how, by keeping partly lax and partly close the right-hand fingers just upon the line of life at the root of the thumb;— "Now once more (said he)— *i dextro omine!* and you will find the longitude.— This is the thing, and the very thing! I take a right aim, through my right fist, with my right eye, on my right side, the circulation of my blood right, my animal spirits right, my conception right, my all right." He could not this time, as he was persuaded, have missed the longitude, had not a thought very industriously intrusive, boded that his liver would be overgrown, supposing the intenseness of the meditation had thrown him into a trance. Nay, he began to feel some symptoms of this overgrowth, and he was sorely afraid, if he did not quickly discuss it by altering his position, his liver would soon be as big as a rump of beef.— Such are the effects of physic-studying, when too much credit is given to the prognostic part! However, it is pro-

probable, he was here rather hipped by the longitude, than by any medical obſervation or inquiry.—— He ſtarts up diſmayed, out of bed he bounces, ſtands naked in the middle of the floor, muſing with a finger in his mouth; the cold pinches him, he gets to bed again, takes a warming, anon he tumbles and toſſes about, ſomebody knocks at his door calling him to breaſtfaſt;— breakfaſt! breakfaſt! (quoth he) aye faith, very right; if I have loſt ſight of the longitude, hang it for me! there's no reaſon I ſhould loſe ſight of my breakfaſt. —— With theſe words he riſes and dreſſes himſelf; but unhappily forgetting the longitude and latitude of his head, which were exactly determined by his ſailor's bonnet, he claps on in its ſtead his chamber-pot,— by good luck there was nothing in it,— and with this conſpicuous diadem he majeſtically ſtruts into the breakfaſting room, chaunting as he entered, a ſong *extempore* compoſed by him in imitation of that on

the Longitude hit on, and miſs'd on, by *Whiſton* and *Ditton*.

S O N G.

The Longitude! who hit it?
I honeſt *Dick Montfichet*,
In a dream!
In a dream!
The Longitude! who miſs'd it?
I poor *Dicky Montfichet*,
Quite awake!
Quite awake!

C H O R U S.

Sing, in a dream hit it;
Mum, quite awake, miſs'd it;
Hit it, hit it, hit!
Miſs'd it, miſs'd it, miſs'd!

"Well, it can't be helped (continued he) the worſe luck now, the better another time." And then he began to recount

count in order the pleaſures of his viſionary lucubrations by the light of the moon, which the light of the ſun had unhappily for him abſorbed into the center of his vortex, where his dazzled eyes could not follow.— While he ſpoke, not one of the company was able to interrupt him, his tongue was hung with ſuch volubility. However, whilſt he was harranguing, and the reſt laughing, my grandmother had the preſence of mind to ſteal behind him, and ſlip the chamber-pot off his head into her apron. It was inſtantly conveyed away. This ſhe did, either fearing that the nodding forwards of his head to humour the earneſt telling of his ſtory, would ſhake the pot off to the great injury of her china-ware on the table before him; or what is more natural to think, that none by imprudently putting him in mind of his miſtake, ſhould make him aſhamed of himſelf. And indeed, ſuch an overſight ought not in any one's thoughts create a diſparage-

ment of my uncle *Dick:* many great men, and as great as he, have amidſt the wanderings of their minds through the mazes of the *beaux arts*, put on my miſtake as unfaſhionable head-dreſſes.

I am glad I have given the curious Reader this ſhort detail of the noble ſtruggle my uncle *Dick* made to con over his dream of the longitude. If every one attempted to ſcrutinize, as he did, the benefits accruing from their dreams, there would not be ſo many idle dreamers in the world, or perſons who ſhew no *plus ultra* in their actions; or in fine, who do nothing but dream all their life. It was his conſtant care, if poſſible, to realize notions adjudged by the vulgar as immerſed in the chaos of eternal night; but if ſometimes, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, "the airy fabrick of a viſion leaves not a wreck behind:" ſo he, indeed, could not help being fruſtrated in his views, when he had no idea or apprehenſion, nothing to catch

catch at, no magic power, ſpell, charm, or inchantment to leave engraved on ſome plate in the repoſitory of his memory, what had only with a flouriſh ſkimmed over the ſurface of his brain. This I take to be the caſe in his ſleeping moments. When he was broad awake, it was quite otherwiſe with him. Then he projected and put in execution like a philoſopher; and would give rational anſwers, if the party behaved politely to all queſtions put to him in divinity, law, phyſic, mathematics, politics, *et cætera*. Behaving politely was a due deference to his judgment, and ſometimes an unreſerved acquieſcence, at leaſt, in appearance; for he could no more bear contradiction than a woman.

There were, however, ſome unſeaſonable times, wherein it was not ſo convenient, eſpecially for ſtrangers, to propoſe queſtions to him on any matter of moment. If they did, they never received a direct

a direct anſwer; yet it was well worth their while to hear him talk, and to pick up his apothegms as they dropped from him. If all the world ſtood ſtaring about him at theſe times, he was either inſenſible, or regardleſs of their preſence. I have often been highly delighted with the pourtrait *Horace* has given us of the fanciful gentleman at *Argos*, and for no other reaſon than that there has exiſted an extraordinary man like my uncle *Dick*, though by the bye, as the Reader ſhall plainly ſee, not ſo univerſally extraordinary as he was; for in their manner of imagining there was this limitation of difference. The man of *Argos* confined the aberrations of his mind to the hearing of fine theatrical entertainments. If the actor played his part well, he clapped him; if ill, he hiſſed him; and all this was tranſacted, perhaps frequently in the open fields, or while he ſat warming himſelf at his kitchen fire, or whilſt he was taking a tour to the grandee-end of the

town

town to pay his reſpects to the public orator, or whilſt he nurſed in bed a fit of the gout; whereas my uncle *Dick*, beſides hearing comedies, tragedies, interludes, operas and concerts of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, whenever he pleaſed; of which, with all their concomitants of theatres, ſcenes, decorations, actors, actreſſes, prompters, box-keepers and candle-ſnuffers, he was himſelf in a moment of time the ſole architect;—could alſo take a journey to any of the Planets, converſe with the inhabitants, inſpect into their cuſtoms and form of government; nay, he has been ſo bold an adventurer, if you have faith enough to believe him, as to take a cloſe view of the *primum mobile*,— he is pretty confident, that the diameter of each of its main ſprings, of which he ſays there are three, is a million of times bigger than the diameter of our planetary world. Nothing can be more accurate, in his opinion, than the diſpoſition of the machinery, which the

Royal

Royal Society would be raviſhed with the deſcription of.— He has even gone farther in theſe upper regions than the *primum mobile*, having ſtood with great exultation of ſpirit on the boundaries of the univerſe, and ſtretched out his arm into the Newtonian ſpace, where the Carteſians ſay, God would not preſerve it; but he ſays, to prove them fools and liars, that he brought it from thence home with him, ſafe and ſound.—— As to his peregrinations in the lower regions, he was ſometimes heard to ſay, that he had no inclination to penetrate deeper than *Hell*. It is ſituate, according to the actual ſurvey he took of it, in a parallel line to the *primum mobile*, but with the length of almoſt the whole univerſe lying between; ſo that if a perpendicular was let to fall from the center of the *primum mobile*, it would reſt towards the center of Hell. Here he had the honour and ſatisfaction of ſmoaking a pipe, and drinking a chearful glaſs with the *Devil*, the moſt ſociable, free-

free-hearted, beſt-natured, boon companion, jovial ſoul, and choiceſt ſpirit he ever met with. Many were the jokes they cracked together, particularly on the B——ſh miniſtry for upwards of half a century paſt. The devil too gave him memorandums of a few ſtate tricks and ſecrets, but ſaid he would not blame the miniſters; they were his beſt friends, and the defunct of the tribe were exceeding uſeful to him in diſpelling the gloomineſs of his cares, by telling him ſtories of their wantonneſs, and when they had nothing elſe to do, by roaſting cheſnuts for him, which they made palatable with a batch of good Burgundy.

My uncle *Dick* in his excurſions upon the face of this our earth, made nothing as a General, commanding in chief a well diſciplined army, of defeating a hundred thouſand Turks and Tartars: ſometimes he ſmote them ſo *à platte coûture*, that but one eſcaped to give an account of their

their diſcomfiture. Not long before the demiſe of queen Anne, he was very near bringing in the Ch———r, had he not been counter-ſchemed; ſome ſay, outwitted; others made a dupe of by H—— earl of O——d, who pretended to be warm in the ſame cauſe, but left all the friends to it in the lurch.—— "I afterwards grinned heartily, ſaid my uncle *Dick*, to ſee him in quality of ſcullion to one of the inferior imps of *Tartarus*, ſtewing the ears and noſes of ſycophants, as ſauce for a *Weſtphalia Ham*: I paid him alſo the compliment of hoping that he liked his place and penſion."— "Ah! replied his *quondam* lordſhip, fetching a deep ſigh, I once flattered myſelf that the maxim, *quid enim ſalvis infamia nummis?* was as much chriſtian as it is modernly political; but now to my coſt I find the reverſe."— I ſhould tire out the gentle Reader's patience, and my own, were I here to enumerate the notable words and deeds of my uncle *Dick*. I

ſhall

ſhall, therefore, with more convenience to myſelf, and perhaps to others, treat of them occaſionally in theſe Memoirs under the title of his *Reveries*. None but his intimate friends and relations could reſtrain his impetuoſity when he had thus got mounted on the mettleſome pinions of fancy; and ſtrangers, as I have obſerved, always found him a perfect *Proteus*, transforming himſelf into a continued chain of miracles; yet all differing in their eſſential attributes, or length, breadth and thickneſs, purſuant to the exactneſs of the diſſimilarity ſet forth in *Leibnitz*'s ſyſtem of *Indiſcernables*.

Before I conclude this Chapter, I muſt ſay ſomething of the manner of recreation whereby my uncle *Dick* uſed to unbend his thoughts from the troubles of this life. There was a Horſe, an humble and faithful ſervant of his during upwards of thirty years, to which he had given the name of *Triſtram Shandy*, in preſence of a cloud

a cloud of witneſſes. If my poor uncle *Dick* was now alive, he would undoubtedly have brought by a compulſive warrant before ſome juſtice of the Quorum, a r-v-r-nd Pr———d—y of Y—k, for being ſo boldfaced as to uſurp the name of his horſe, with a tack of *gentleman* to it, inſtead of *gentlehorſe*. But this by the bye.—— *Cæſar* and *Pompey*'s names are now given to dogs, and this may be a reaſon to induce the parſon that perſonated my uncle *Dick*'s horſe, to aſſume his name, chuſing rather to be of the equine than canine ſpecies, which, indeed, is very probable from the ſingular affection he expreſſes for *pack* and *hobby-horſes*. This alſo by the bye. Now *Triſtram Shandy*, my uncle *Dick*'s *gentlehorſe*, but not *gentleman*, was one of the gentleſt beaſts that ever trod in ſhoe-iron. It is very aſtoniſhing that he was ſo; for in reality he was not deficient in any of the perfections of a compleat horſe. As he was never known to give or receive a love-challenge,

challenge, though often in company with, and ſometimes wooed by ſome of the moſt ſightly mares in the paddock, it was firmly believed by the country folks, that my uncle *Dick* had practiſed ſome charm upon him to keep him chaſte. The truth is, my uncle *Dick* never did; but he was pleaſed to ſay in vindication of himſelf and his horſe, that there was a ſympath between them of paſſions and affections; that as he had no appetite himſelf to ſtray out of the biaſs of chaſtity, ſo neither had his horſe; and that withal, if perſons were ſkilled in his language, and as intimately connected with him as himſelf was, they would find him a profound philoſopher, and in argumentation ſo cloſe, or ſpeaking ſo much to the purpoſe, that he generally delivered himſelf in the ſyllogiſm or enthymem: yet this preciſion might be owing, he added, to his being a horſe of few words.

A further deſcriptive illuſtration of the qualities and qualifications of this horſe muſt ſeem unneceſſary to a judge of horſe-fleſh; ſo that in one word for all, I may ſafely avouch for it, that he was a good nag; quiet and harmleſs; grave and compoſed; exempt from all paſſion and prejudice; a lover of publick and private tranquility; proud of his own rider; complaiſant to others if it ſo happened; but my uncle *Dick* would never let any body ride him, ever ſince a rude, illiterate country 'ſquire borrowed him once for his grandmother to go to church with, but run him himſelf for ſweepſtakes on a common. 'Tis true, poor *Triſtram Shandy*, *Gentlehorſe*, was diſtanced: it was contrary to the nature of the beaſt to contend, having no worldly emulation in him; and tho' the 'ſquire laid moſt unmercifully about his ribs and bum with whip and ſpur, he never quickened his pace the more, bearing all with a philoſophic patience.

Mount-

Mounted on this horſe, my uncle *Dick* rode within ten or twelve miles of home, but ſcarce ever farther, all about the country. —Three or four times, indeed, he took him to France with him on a viſit to madam Pompadour.—His view, as I ſaid, was a relaxation from the pains of his philoſophical reſearches. He was under a neceſſity by his diſorder to make uſe of a ſide-ſaddle, and he thought he might with as much decency ride that way, as a French lady aſtride. No bit or bridle ſtiffly held in a proud bow *Triſtram Shandy*'s neck; it followed the direction of his native meekneſs. It was ſo beſt, that my uncle *Dick* might be at liberty to play on his fife, or hautboy, or bagpipes ſome merry catch of the times, commonly to the tune of "A wicked old peer," "Tantarara rogues all;" "Over the water to Charley;" "The king ſhall enjoy his own again;" "The flowers of Edinburgh;" "Gee ho dobbin," and the like.—To whatever town, village, or

hamlet he came, a ſilence mixed with admiration reigned among the inhabitants. Here comes *Queen Dick!* the word and ſummons thoſe abroad gave to thoſe within to run out and take a peep at him. The cobler ſuſpends his operations on his old ſhoes, and quitting his ſtall, accompanies him more than half a ſtreet; goſſiping wives at the bakehouſe, ſtand as mute as fiſhes at the door, gazing at him paſſing by; the taylor nimbly ſkips off his work-board, and little minds ſtepping into the kennel in his vamps, ſo he has a full ſight of him; the barber leaves a ready money cuſtomer in the ſuds, or half ſhaved, and can't help fetching a gape as well as thoſe that have nothing to do; all the little boys and girls, the inſtant they hear his muſick, a ſign to them that he is not far off, throw away their bread and butter, and in cluſters, ſaluting him with bows, court'ſies, and kiſs-hands, familiarly aſk him, "How d'ye do, uncle *Dick!*" He uſually rewards their kindneſs with little

little toys, all of his own making; and thoſe that do not partake of his bounty this time, are ſure of it the next. Their mothers let them ſometimes ſcamper after him a whole mile of ground, notwithſtanding the malevolent predictions of a paultry almanack-maker, that he would at long run kidnap them as the piping rat-catcher did the children at *Hamelen* in the electorate of *Hanover*.—Such is the general account, with a few particulars of the life my uncle *Dick* led.

CHAP. XI.

IF the courteous reader well remembers, I ſaid in the laſt lines of the fifth Chapter, that I would ſtrive to account

in the ſixth, for my father's whim of having his doctors, who were to conſult about the art of male-generation, appear in the badges of their doctorſhip, in order to give the greater ſanction to their opinions.—I ſtrove to account for it, but it was barely ſtriving; no execution was done, and there is room to believe I have ſtill kept the thing in the dark, having left the ſixth chapter imperfect without drawing any concluſion from the premiſes; and having, to cure a fit of oſcitation, taken a ramble ſoon after, to give the no leſs ingenious than curious part of the world, ſome intelligence of that grand perſonage, my uncle *Dick*.—My fault is very great, I own, in the eye of a critic; and yet, ſhall I ſay it? is but a flea-bite in the eye of nature: for if it was a beam and not a moat in her eye, why ſhould ſhe have made the ſpirit of evagation ſo inherent to the *Montfichet* family, that in ſpite of all the drawbacks of art they will thruſt their noſes into every crevice, creek

and

and nook of a wild, be it ever ſo intricate or inacceſſible to others, who are obliged to ſeek and find their way by the dint of trigonometry.—But HOC AGE, was the word commanding attention in the ancient Roman ſacrifices; ſo will I mind what I ſhould have been about five chapters backwards, being now reſolved to put the finiſhing ſtroke to the attempt of clearing up my father's notions concerning the importance of a learned outward appearance in his doctors.

I had the pleaſure of once mixing with a ſelect party of *Beaux* and *Belles*, and to kill time, it was propoſed to make and ſolve conundrums. One of the ladies, who alſo took upon herſelf to be miſtreſs of the ceremonies, commanding ſilence, began with this queſtion, "Why "does a Miller wear a white hat?" The ſolution was obvious in every one's opinion, and having in order told what they thought it was, one ſaying, that he wore

a white hat, becauſe the duſt of his mill and bags of meal had made it ſo; another, becauſe he bought it originally white, there being no neceſſity for having it dyed black, according to the logical axiom, which recommends the non-multiplying of beings without neceſſity; as it would be both abſurd and unneceſſary to go to the expence of a black hat, and have it immediately ſpoiled with meal-duſt; powdered hats not being in faſhion, tho' powdered wigs are, and powdered hats beſides, becoming none but fools, if we except Millers and Barbers.—This was the deciſion of a young gentleman lately come from the univerſity; and to corroborate what he had advanced, he added that he could demonſtrate it, both *à priori* and *à poſteriori* with a reduction to the impoſſibility of being otherwiſe. —His arguments might ſeem to the worſhipful corps of aldermen, as much powdered with the duſt of the ſchools, as the Miller's hat with the duſt of his mill.

For

For the ladies part, their unlogical capacities unfortunately put a miſconſtruction upon the terms, " Beings ought not to be multiplied without neceſſity." They imagined, at leaſt three of them gave broad hints of it, that the *Oxford* ſcholar had a mind to put them to the bluſh by a prepoſterous lecture on the decorum of female honour, which muſt be ruined, if they multiplied their beings without neceſſity, meaning, out of wedlock; that indeed they could anſwer for it, one and all, that their virtue was without blemiſh, like new fallen ſnow; that neither crack nor flaw could be found in them to argue a depucellation; and that he muſt be a vile fellow that could undertake to aſperſe them on the ſcore of multiplication.

The *Oxonian* was irritated to the higheſt degree to obſerve the reception, his acute reaſoning on the Miller's hat had been complimented with. " Lord! (cried

ed he,) what ſtupid creatures there are in this world!"—Then lowering his tone; "Ladies, I aſk your pardon; you miſapprehended me; I ſhall explain to you as clear as noon day what I have ſaid."—They began to harp upon the word "Creatures" and its epithet "ſtupid," without attending to his explication, in order to which he had already laid down *Poſtulatums* and *Definitions*, half a dozen of each.—Here nettled more and more to ſee his *medium* broke, he ſpoke haſtily, bluntly and tartly; "If the ſhoe fits any of you, ladies! wear it with all my heart; but, pray did you never hear of a young lady being devirginated, and having multiplied before marriage?"—"Such things have happened, ſir! (anſwered one of them;) but I hope you don't lay the indiſcretion at any of our doors."—"Not for the world, madam," (ſaid I, putting in a word to bring about a peace;) "would the gentleman paſs ſo unjuſt a cenſure!

cenſure! believe me, you really miſ-underſtood his way of laying open the conundrum;—but ſince it has led us to talk of accidents before marriage, of which we have examples from the king's daughter down to the peaſant's, I ſhall refreſh your ſpirits, if you pleaſe, with an epithalamium in this taſte."—"Pray do; Mr. *Montfichet*!" ſaid the authoreſs of the conundrum on the Miller's white hat!—"You are very obliging, Mr. *Montfichet*!" ſaid another lady.—"I ſhall like it wonderfully," ſaid another.—"And ſo ſhall I, and ſo ſhall I," ſaid every one, except the gentleman diſputant who being but green from his ſtudies, and little converſant with the *delicateſſe* of polite intercourſe, ſtill ſeemed chagreened that he was baffled by female interruption in making appear that "Beings ought not "to be multiplied without neceſſity."

All

All being now ready to hang from my mouth in deep attention, I repeated diſtinctly for them the epithalamium, with proper geſticulations at every emphatical word, and muſical cadence. The reader may ſee a true copy of it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

* HYMEN, O Hymenæus!
Hymen, O Hymenæus!
See how Veſper's roſy head
Glitters on the radiant pole!
See his luſtre on thee ſpread
To glad the pow'rs of thy ſoul!

To

* This is a tranſlation of a Latin Epithalamium, written by Heinſius in one of his Menippean ſatyrs, intitled,

To thee, welcome Herald of night!
And father of celeſtial fires,
Chaſte virginity yields her right,
Her wiſhes ſoft, and fond deſires.
Oh may the omen proſp'rous prove!
Tho' this fair goddeſs oft diſmay'd
Before the lawful joys of love,
And while thy auſpice was delay'd,
Like gentle Zephyrs
In ſweet whiſpers,
Melted away;
Alas! alas! poor thing! ſhe could not ſtay.

2. Hy-

intitled, CRAS CREDO HODIE NIHIL. The piece being ſcarce, the curious Reader will not regret ſeeing here the original from which the Engliſh was borrowed.

Hymen, ô Hymenæe,
Hymen, ô Hymenæe.
Cernis, ut roſeum polo
Exerat caput Heſperus,
Præco noctis, et omnium
Heſperus pater ignium.

Cypridis

2.

Hymen, O Hymenæus!
Hymen, O Hymenæus!
How the bride-maids trembling meet!
How companions fetch deep ſighs!
How mama ſeals kiſſes ſweet,
Quit your fears, my dear, ſhe cries.
Pray'rs and entreaties are in vain;
That monſter man ſhocks her weak heart,
She weeps, ſhe ſobs, and in loud ſcream
Says, Oh that we could!—we could part!
But

Cypridis teneræ comes,
Heſperille, decus poli,
Caſta virginitas tibi
Cedit omine cum bono.
Hæc licet Dea ſæpius,
Ante legitimas faces,
Ante et auſpicium tuum,
Qualis aut Zephyrus levis
Fertur, aut tenuis vapor,
Ceſſit, et extremos fugit ad Æthiopas.

At

But when the beauteous day returns
Gilding the world with new-born light;
Will ſhe reflect how now ſhe mourns?
Will ſhe forget that pleaſing night?
No, no; in raptures
Her diſaſters,
She will declare
To all the ſportive ecchoes of the air.

3.

Hymen, O Hymenæus!
Hymen, O Hymenæus!
Bride! now move thy tender feet,
My pretty dove! haſte away;
With love's arms let thy arms meet
Love will admit no delay.

Dry

At piæ trepidant nurus,
Et piæ comites gemunt;
Interim, et lachrymas parens,
Et pium parat oſculum.
Ipſaque, heu metuens viri,
Horret attonita, ac tremit:
Et magis, magis, ac magis
Flet miſella, premens torum.

Pulchra

Dry up this cryſtal flood of tears,
Spoil not the violets on thy cheeks;
Thy moans the Cyprian goddeſs hears,
And lo! ſhe to thee gently ſpeaks,
"Ceaſe, ceaſe, my fair one! your alarms,
No ſoft force will ever blemiſh
The virgin honour of thy charms.
Can dull chance its ſplendour tarniſh?
Even from above,
The hand of Jove,
It will defy,
Darting his angry thunder thro' the ſky."

4. Hy-

Pulchra cum redilt dies,
Jamque purpureo igneam
Tollit oceano comam,
Inter et teneras nurus,
Inter et comitum agmina,
Dulcia commemorat caſti argumenta pudoris.

Hymen, ô Hymenæe,
Hymen, ô Hymenæe.
Sponſa, jam tenerum move,
Turturilla, pedem, move.
Jamque lachrymulas procul
Mitte, et humidulis, mea,
Parce, parce precor, genis.

Parce,

4.

Hymen, O Hymenæus!
Hymen, O Hymenæus!
Bridegroom! thy breaſt glows with fire,
And pants with full tides of joy:
Thy ſoul is wing'd with deſire
To embrace a nymph ſo coy.

Parce, non tibi vel leve
Septimilla periculum eſt,
Ne qua virgineum tibi
Blanda vis minuat decus;
Cui nocere nec invida
Sors queat, neque jam queat
Ira tota Dieſpitris.
Sponſe, nec tibi nunc minus
Pectus uritur igneum.
Sponſe, quæ tibi, quæ tibi,
Quanta gaudia nox parat!
Quas tibi ſimul aureum
Prompſerit jubar æquore
Craſtina lux, cœloque atram dimoverit umbram,
Quas beate, quot adferet
Auriculas Asini!

Bridegroom! what extatic tranſports
Await thee in the ſable night!
What careſſes! what ſweet comforts!
Thou ſhalt taſte before the light.
Of that reſplendent morning's ray
Which chaſing the nocturnal ſhade,
And all dull vapours quite away,
Will let thee ſee that thou haſt made
For thy happy ſelf,
And no one elſe
A noble pair
Of handſomely proportion'd Ass's EARS!

CHAP. XIII.

"SATYR is a ſort of glaſs, ſays *Swift*, wherein beholders do generally diſcover every body's face but their

their own." None of the ladies, as conſcious to themſelves of being exceeding upright, were offended at any tickliſh circumſtance of the nuptial ſong; on the contrary, they thought the whole vaſtly pretty, and were not a little inquiſitive to know who the fair impoſtor was, which I begged to be excuſed telling, leaving them at full liberty to pick as wide a hole as they liſted in the apron of any gallant adventurer, they knew, or heard talk of.

The whole company being now reinſtated in all the mirth and wit they deſigned to ſet out with at firſt meeting, madam *Caſſandra* ſaid ſhe would reſume her conundrum of the miller's white hat, and as none had aſſigned a ſufficient reaſon for his wearing it, ſhe thought it incumbent on her to aſſure them, which ſhe did with a countenance compoſed to airs of exact ſerioufneſs, that the miller's ſole intention, or chief view, or original deſign in wearing a white hat, "Was to

keep his head warm."——This is the very mark I have been all along aiming at: my father's motive for having his conſultabund phyſicians diſplayed with emblematical indications of knowledge, was undoubtedly couched in the abſtruſeneſs of a ſort of conundrum. He muſt have conſidered, that their ſcience being conjectural, required ſomething to ſet it in the light of certainty, particularly in regard to vulgar underſtandings, whoſe eſtimate of things is in proportion to their outward ſhew. Now I have demonſtrated in the ſixth chapter, among other material points, that phyſic is a conjectural ſcience, and that the profeſſors of it are conjecturally learned. Therefore, as all conjectural learning leans upon a conjectural foundation, and as a ſingle blaſt of a more probable conjecture, may blow the whole conjectured ſuperſtructure into atoms; my father's notion, as it could not be otherwiſe than I ſay; was *conjecturatis conjecturandis*, not an idle vagary,

vagary, but ſolid and ſubſtantial. And this, I preſume, is one of the cleareſt ſolutions of this matter that can be offered.

One of the ancient philoſophers, if I miſtake not, it was *Plato*, having defined man to be "An animal with two feet, and without feathers,"—*Diogenes*, or *Democritus*, I don't remember which it was, catches a cock, plucks off all his feathers, and expoſes him in this ſtate of nudity in *Plato*'s ſchool; "There (ſays he) is *Plato*'s man!" The ſcholars laughed heartily, and well they might, to ſee ſuch a comical figure of a man.——Let us ſuppoſe that all divines, lawyers and phyſicians are *cocks*; for there is a great analogy between them:—they ſtrut about with the ſolemn gravity of cocks, to be ſtared at with reverential awe by others, whom they look down upon, as chickens; they have ſpurs like cocks to their heels, with which they are ſure to gall every ſoul that is ſmitten with the folly of being ridden, or

rather trod by them; their claws are nimble as cocks claws to ſcrape up dung-hills, but with this difference, when the jewel is laid faſt hold of, they never wiſh the barley-corn in its place; the cock is glad, when in cocking up his tail, he can ſhew gloſſy feathers of different ſizes; ſo are they, when they have got gaudy folks dancing after their poſteriors for pieces of advice, which they diſpoſe of for ready money only, from one ſhilling, to one pound and upwards, per piece: the cock has wings, which he expands, claps againſt his ſides, and bruſhes on the ground to ſerve purpoſes beſt known to himſelf; ſo do they pretend to have wings, and for purpoſes not unknown; they expand them to ſkreen, they ſay, the diſtreſſed under the ſhadow of their protection; they clap them againſt their ſides as a mark of ſelf-approbation for the lucre they have ſecured, and they ſometimes bruſh them on the ground to ſhew that they can occaſionally ſtoop to meanneſs: the cock can make a ruff of the feathers about his neck in a fit

of

of anger, and if the feathers do not quickly ſubſide, it is a ſign he has a mind to pick a quarrel, or will not part without a blow; in like manner, they ſhrug up their ſhoulders, pointed with the ſpirit of reſentment, and if you perſiſt in provoking them, they will deal blows, moſt commonly by a ſlight of hand, but ſo ſore, that you will have reaſon to ſup ſorrow for them: two cocks cannot agree, ſo neither can two divines, two lawyers, two phyſicians: cocks wear gills, for the ſame reaſon they wear bands; but what this reaſon is I never could diſcover; perhaps, it may be an index of ſome latent importance: cocks have the faculty of crowing, and when the crowing is out of ſeaſon, old wives think it ominous; a divine crows when he preaches, a lawyer when he pleads your cauſe, and a phyſician when he feels your pulſe; but crowing with them at another time, prognoſticates ſome fatality; then they do not crow for, but crow over you: a cock is for the moſt

part pecking at ſomething, and picking it up to fill his craw; when divines, lawyers and phyſicians are buſy at the like work, you may ſay they have got into their element: a cock has got a gizzard in which ſtick things of heterogeneous kind; a like heterogeneous compound adheres ſtubbornly to theological, legal, and medical gizzards: a cock gallants the hens, and will not ſuffer another cock, if he can help it, to gallant them;—Here I am puzzled to make out the analogy, but do not deſpair ſome time or other to produce a ſufficient number of precedents in ſupport of it.——A cock has a ſmart, briſk eye; I never obſerved a divine, lawyer, or phyſician with a ſheepiſh look: a cock wears on his head an indented comb; I will not ſay, that divines, lawyers and phyſicians are coxcombs; all I mean is, that the preſent faſhion has covered their heads with a texture of hairs not their own, being borrowed, and often ſtolen from the heads, tails, and beards

of

of old women, old mares, old cows, old ſhe-goats, old ſhe-monkies, or any other villoſe antiquated female animal of the rational or brute ſpecies.—Of what is intended by the indented parts of theſe hairy compoſitions I ſhall have an occaſion to ſpeak bye and bye.—And now I pray, in cloſing this analogy, that all divines, lawyers and phyſicians will take in good part what I have ſaid, imputing all the ſpleen, rancour and malevolence they may make a charge of to the ſtrictneſs of the analogy, and not to me; for I myſelf in right earneſt love and eſteem a good divine and a good phyſician; their value is as of things that come from afar. As for a good lawyer, I have the ſame opinion of him as the French Proverb, *bon avocat, mauvais voiſin.*

Having made divines, lawyers, and phyſicians *cocks*, by virtue of analogy, as appears from the premiſes, they ought to be defined in contradiſtinction to *Plato*'s definition,

definition, " Animals with two feet, and with feathers." The firſt part of the definition is in ſome meaſure accidental to them; for if by ſome accident they loſe their feet, or the uſe of them, they may adopt ſupplemental ones of wood, or ſupport themſelves on crutches. The other part of the definition is an eſſential attribute, without which they can neither be, nor be conceived; for if you ſtrip them of their feathers, they will inſtantly become objects of deriſion like *Diogenes*'s deplumated cock; that is, they will be held in no conſideration, their talents and capacity will be ſuſpected, and their fame of learning will vaniſh as a bubble What is a b——p, if you cut off his l—n ſl—ves, or a p——n, if his g——n is ſtripped over his ears? Conſecration and orders, ſo they ſay themſelves, retain no indelible characters; therefore in caſe of denudation, divinity muſt be kicked down ſtairs, and it will ſit quite eaſy upon them, if their condition is altered into grooms

of

of the ſtool, or pages of the back-ſtairs.—If a judge ſhould ſit, every way reſembling a journeyman taylor, to hear an important and knotty cauſe, would not the whole court imagine, that inſtead of cabbaging their judgments, he was cabbaged of his own? and if a ſerjeant at law, barriſter, or counſellor, was to ſtand up and plead in a greaſy ſtriped flannel waiſtcoat, ſuch as butchers have on to celebrate their marrow-bone and cleaver revels, would not the client give the cauſe over for loſt, and conclude his lawyer was bewitched?—Take from a phyſician his buſhy wig, the ſteel ſkewer he keeps dangling from his hip, the chariot he flants about the town with, the pair of horſes he and his man are mounted on in the country; he is no more the renowned Hippocrates; he dwindles into the 'pothecary's peſtle and mortar-man.——At any rate, theſe cocks of the game can do nothing, can know nothing, are worth nothing, without the wig of the certain form and dimenſions,

menſions, peculiar to each of them. Within the precinct of this wig are laid up the moſt precious treaſures of their intellects; yet the qualities are ſo occult, that to this day it remains undecided by chymical ſcrutators, whether one ſcruple with a real exiſtence can be extracted from the whole collected maſs. However, the exterior indented parts of the wig, comprehending buckles, frizures, toupees, cylindrical tails, tails with knots, oblong ſtrait tails, ſweepers on each cheek and below the paps as judges have them, focuſes diſtinguiſhed by their rays on the crown, and crowns without focuſes, abound with many ſmiling fancies; all indebted for their prevalency to the nature of the animal, which afforded hairs for the ingenious compoſition: ſo that if the hairs of an old woman are predominant, the wearing party is remarkably endowed with the ſenſe of an old woman; if the caſe ſtands otherwiſe, he is cowiſh, goatiſh, apiſh, juſt as it happens.

There's

There's another advantage annexed to theſe wigs, and this is, that by their cloſe action upon the ſkull, they have ſuch a coercive power over its ſolid parts, as to force them towards the center of the pineal gland, that they may be conſtant inhabitants, if poſſible, in the outlets of this reſidence of the ſoul. This, I believe, was the reaſon, why a clergyman of my acquaintance, the incumbent of ſeveral benefices, made night-caps of his caſt off day wigs. In unbeneficed life, he often preached bald-pated, and did not mind how much of his ſolid ſenſe was detached from the center; but ever ſince, he grew ſo retentive of it in his wigs, that it was not known in the memory of man to have tranſpired a hair's breadth in praying, preaching, teaching, and catechiſing. In fine, whilſt he lived, he lived happily, and had a great deal in him, if he would but ſhew it.

To recapitulate all that has, or can be ſaid on this intereſting ſubject, let us take it for granted, that a ſtudy of three times ſeven years in any of the diviſions of conjectural learning, will not ſignify a button, if the ſuperficial apparatus be wanting. What makes people ſtand in awe of ſpirits? it is becauſe they are ſhades. If we thought them palpable, we would not long keep aloof; we ſhould ſhake hands familiarly with them; and as familiarity breeds contempt, we might ſoon uſe them as the frogs did king *Log*. It is therefore the *ſhadow* and not the *ſubſtance*, the *bark* and not the *pith* of learning, that fixes our admiration and reſpect. And indeed, I have often regretted that the ſcarcity of the current coin of the kingdom in my pocket, put it out of my power to purchaſe at leaſt one of the learned ſort of wigs: But as times go, I muſt content myſelf with a cut bob, and appear in the eyes of the world as curtailed of all learning and reſpect by wearing

wearing it. All this I am ſenſible of by experience; for there is not a hackney-coachman from *Aldgate* to St. *James*'s, that would ply me with " Do you want a coach, ſir?

CHAP. XIV.

I Have laboured hard, tho' it might not be thought ſo, to place beyond the reach of captious cavil, beyond the ſurmize of frolick, beyond the leer of ridicule, my father's notions concerning the eſſentials that muſt have confirmed all his houſhold in the belief, that phyſic actually exiſted in the phyſicians, whom he had appointed to deliberate upon the beſt and eaſieſt method for getting a boy.—Why muſt

muſt their rigging be ſo and ſo? that they might appear learned in their way. Here is the right, clear, full and only ſolution of this grand conundrum!

My father, that nothing might be wanting to declare the importance of his Conſult, communed with my uncle *Dick* on the niceſt manner of contriving a repaſt for the phyſicians; "for you know, (ſays he,) that *ſine cerere et baccho friget venus*, not that I would have the phyſicians, egged on by the ſtimulus of a dinner, to get my wife with child for me; but their hoſpitious reception attended with the expectation of the good fees I promiſed them, will no doubt, prevail upon them to diſcloſe to us ſome of their moſt accurate and beſt authenticated *arcanums* on the art of generation.—It alſo came into my head to invite ſome of the *beaux eſprits* to be partakers of this dinner. I am ſure parſon *Yorick*, at my requeſt, will give us ſome droll ſermon; we ſhall not fail to hear

hear ſome ſort of rhapſody from Dr. *Rantum*, and honeſt S— F—te will perform the part of *Balatro*;—you may remember what a droll *Balatro* was at the *Cæna* of *Naſidienus* in *Horace*.—All this will be a ſuperaddition of ſeaſoning to the meats and ſauces, which, brother *Dick*, let it be your province to provide on this emergency, in the moſt elegant taſte, that the whole may be conducted with the utmoſt ſolemnity."—My uncle *Dick* having in a ſhort pauſe, weighed well the merits of the cauſe of this entertainment, the qualities of the gueſts, and the aliments beſt adapted to their ſtomachs, replied, that it was neceſſary the conſtituent parts of the *ſympoſion* ſhould all exhibit the *eruditus luxus* of *Petronius*, and that in order thereto he would make it his intire ſtudy to collect whatever was moſt rare and exquiſite.—"Give yourſelf no farther trouble about it, (added my uncle *Dick*;) I'll do the buſineſs; you may go ſleep; I'll do it, you may depend upon it, bet-

ter than any maſter of the revels throughout his majeſty's dominions."

My father was ſo well pleaſed with my uncle *Dick*'s obſequiouſneſs; for he did not deſpair of the reſources of his genius in bringing to bear remarkables of any kind; that without more ado, he fixed the day, and diſpatched meſſage cards noticing the ſame to his phyſicians and the *beaux eſprits*. They all ſent word back they would not fail; my uncle *Dick* had concerted his meaſures; every particular was in as fair a way of turning out right as could be wiſhed.

The day came, and the phyſicians were the firſt that made their appearance. It was meet they ſhould, as it was on their account the game was ſtarted. There was a moat near my father's houſe, from which by the help of a ſpying glaſs one might reconnoitre the whole country at the diſtance of ſeven miles all around.

My

My father aſcended this moat for ſpeculation, by the time he judged ſome of his gueſts muſt have been within ſight. He ſaw ſomething moving along, but could not devine what to make of it. By degrees the object drawing nearer, became more and more diſtinguiſhable. At length what ſhould it be, but the three phyſicians, ſuperbly mounted on wheelbarrows, advancing in a parallel line to each other, and puſhed along by ſix able bodied men, two to each barrow, working a handle a piece with a vigorous tenacity of their fiſts, ſeconded by the protruſive force of every robuſt muſcle that could be played off to advantage. As they had taken their route through bye and lone ways, and in ſuch a vehicle, my father, if he had vulgar ideas, muſt have been afraid of their going to heaven, inſtead of coming to his houſe; but he was really aſtoniſhed to think what could induce them to ride in a manner ſo ridiculous to themſelves and painful to their

drivers, unleſs it was to make game of himſelf. Reſolved that they ſhould not be a diſgrace to him, he runs to meet them, and was lucky enough to put a ſtop to their march, juſt by the ſide of a wood, and within half a mile of his houſe. They excuſed themſelves to him for not being on horſeback. One pretended that his horſe was afflicted with the ſpavin; another that his, was deſperately ill of the glanders, and therefore it was not ſafe to bring him into the company of other cattle; and the third proteſted that a wicked ſervant had rid his, ſo hard the day before over a ſtony road, that one of the poor beaſts hoofs was clean knocked off. My father did not ſo much mind their apologies, for he made no anſwer to them, as their dreſs, which he thought to be little *outré*. Their caps were quadrangular, and of hare-ſkins, with a tuft of ſcuts intermixed with ears, both of the ſame animal, on the crown; and from the cheeks round about the neck,

neck, were ſewed into the lower edge of the caps, cats-tails, gradually encreaſing in length and thickneſs, till a huge tail longer and thicker than any of the reſt, fell directly upon the nape of the neck. From whence their beards were borrowed, did not then appear to my father; but it ſeemed to him that they were an exceeding great curioſity: the hairs held firm by their roots, and the roots were fixed in their own ſockets, without receiving the leaſt detriment from the hands of the leather-dreſſer, whoſe art in making the ſkin ſoft and pliable could not be too much admired. Theſe beards, which reached down to their girdles in a fine taper, were kept cloſe round the lower jaw-bone by wires hung about the ears. They were of different colours; one was coal-black, another was blood-red, and the other blue; and as the phyſicians chuſed to be nameleſs, they ſuffered themſelves to be diſtinguiſhed by their beards, the eldeſt being called doctor Blue-beard; the

ſecond

ſecond in age, doctor Black-beard; and the youngeſt, doctor Red-beard. Their whiſkers, of the ſame colour of their beards, were taken from large He-Cats, but not ſo thinly ſown as uſually on cats; by what ſort of cement they were ſtuck on the upper lip, I could never learn; the doctors begged to be excuſed divulging ſo extraordinary a ſecret. Their wigs conſiſted of cows and horſe-tails, out of which the bone was taken: no other cunning was required to make them, than ſtitching the tails together, and diſpoſing them ſo, as that the horſe-tails might flow before, and the cow-tails behind, without criſping them into any other curls than what were natural to them. The Doctors necks were embelliſhed with a ſort of band; I know not what to call it; it was like the neck-cloth uſed by charity-ſchool girls. Each doctor had the complement of fifty yards of black baize in his robe; the edging was of cats-fur, and the girdle or ſwathe for keeping it tight

tight about the waiſt, of ſcarlet broad ribbon, figured with Taliſmans. Whether they wore breeches or no, it could not be diſcerned, becauſe their robes reached before over their toes; and behind formed a long ſweeping tail.

My father, ſoon after he had accoſted them, excepted againſt the cats-tails to their caps, with the beards and whiſkers, which, he ſaid, there was no occaſion for: as for the reſt, they might be tolerable enough. The doctors would allow of no manner of exception, alledging that every article about them was eſſential to their knowledge, being points of artificial memory, which on ſeeing or feeling, they could remember immediately what to ſay. My father hereupon readily acquieſced; but deſirous they would not come near his houſe in their wheel-barrows, they agreed to leave them behind in a thicket of the wood, and accompanied him afoot, the drivers bearing up their tails for ſtate ſake.

ſake. However, here alſo another incongruity, and a great one, occurred to my father. What opinion ſhould folks have of walking phyſicians? But as the caſe was now remedileſs, he bethought himſelf it would be moſt adviſeable to ſhew them in by the back-door; and ſo he did, not one but the kitchen-maid being privy to the entry.—— The *beaux eſprits* arrived in a few minutes after my father was ſeated in the parlour with his phyſicians. Parſon *Yorick* came on his humble minded ſteed; doctor *Rantum* ſtepped briſk and gay out of his chariot; and 'ſquire *F—te* made a brilliant appearance in a landau and four.

And now I warn the Reader to whet his appetite for the next volume.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

BRITISH
19 JY 77
MUSEUM